THE COMPLETED FAMILY HISTORY

GATHERED BY

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[9/22/83
My Mother's sister
My Aunt Susie]

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Presented to Her Beloved Son

ALLAN COPE HARDING

CHRISTMAS, 1935

FAMILY HISTORY

In my possession is a blue-print of the coat of arms of the Stearns family. This is a proof that the family was of English origin. Remarks pertaining to this coat of arms occur in an account of the family history given by my grandfather, Ichabod Marshall, which account I shall give in full later on. Accompanying this account was a genealogical outline of the descendants of a Charles Stearns and his wife, Rebecca Gibson, with the date 1646 above their names; the descent coming down to my mother, Lucy Jane Marshall.

In a most interesting and unexpected way, I was able to trace the Stearns family back to 1630, when three Stearns brothers, Daniel, Isaac, and Shuball, came to America, from England, on the ship Arabella, arriving June 12th of that year at Salem, Massachusetts.

Daniel died unmarried. Shuball and his wife, Rebecca Lariby, from whom we descend directly, and who had been married in England, died, leaving two sons, Charles, eight and Nathaniel, ten years of age, who were reared by their Uncle Isaac.

Charles married Rebecca Gibson of Cambridge. Their son, John, born January 24th, 1657 was married twice; first in 1681 to Judith Lawrence, born May 12th, 1660, a daughter of George Lawrence and his wife, Elizabeth Crispe. Elizabeth Crispe's father was Benjamin Crispe, of whom I have no record. For his second wife, John Stearns married Mary Narcross, a daughter of Richard and Mary Brooks Narcross, of Watertown, Massachusetts.

The third brother, Isaac, had been married in England, in 1622, to Mary Barker, daughter of John and Margaret Barker, of Stoke Parish, Wayland, Suffolk. Not being satisfied with Salem, he proceeded to Charlestown and was one of the first settlers of Watertown, Massachusetts. Their family consisted of Mary, born in England, who married Isaac Learned; Anna, also born in England, who married Henry Freeman; John, who married first, a Miss Mixer and second Miss Lathrop.

Isaac---

- Sarah, who married Sam Stone,
- Elizabeth, who married Samuel Manning of Cambridge,
- Abigail, who married John Morse,
- Samuel, who married Hannah Manning,
- Ebenezer, who married Mary Spring.

The children of Ebenezer and Mary Spring were Mary, who married Joseph Hastings

- Ebenezer--
- Nathaniel--
- Simon--
- Joanna, who married William Gates
- Elizabeth, who married Sam Duncan,
- Lucretia, who married Joseph Ball,
- Capt. William, who married Joanna Duncan.

Captain William Spring was a captain in the Revolutionary War.

I learned of the three Stearns brothers through Miss Alice Stearns, a friend of several years' standing, whom I met when I first went to Washington, D.C., in 1925. While chatting with Miss Stearns one day about three years ago, the summer of 1932, I happened to mention the Stearns coat of arms and she then told us of hers. The description sounded so similar that, during her vacation spent amongst her home people the following summer, she looked up her family records and brought the information about the three Stearns brothers and their families to me. Upon consulting the genealogical table handed down by my grandfather, Ichabod Marshall, which, as I have previously stated, went back to Charles Stearns, with the date, 1646, above his name and that of his wife, Rebecca Gibson, I found that this Charles was the son of one of the three brothers, Shuball and his wife, Rebecca Lariby. The brother, Isaac, was her ancestor, and is it not entirely remarkable that, after the passing of ten generations, we two friends should find that we are descendants of the same English ancestors, the parents of these three brothers?

As Alice Stearns is one of the finest women I have ever known, refined, intelligent, capable to an unusual degree, honorable, unselfish, it was indeed a pleasure and satisfaction to learn that we were really related, even though so distantly.

So, beyond the fact that Charles was the son of Shuball Stearns and his wife, Rebecca Lariby, was reared by his uncle Isaac, was married to Rebecca Gibson of Cambridge and had a son, John, I know nothing.

I have already stated that John married twice, but it is through his first marriage, to Judith Lawrence, that our line comes down. According to the genealogical chart, they had a son, George, who married Hannah Sanderson, and they, in turn, had a son, Jonathan, who married Beulah Chadwick.

Jonathan Stearns and Beulah Chadwick were the parents of Lydia Stearns who married Ichabod Marshall, and, with Lydia Stearns, my family really begins, beyond the brief outline already given, because of an unusual amount of information about her in my possession.

To convey the idea of the closeness of these ancestors, which, in a genealogical table, seem so far away, John Stearns was the grandson of Shuball and the great grandfather of Lydia. Lydia Stearns was the grandmother of Ichabod Marshall, Jr. and Ichabod Jr. was my grandfather.

At this point, I shall insert the family history which my grandfather, Ichabod, Jr. wrote, and which was given to me by my aunt, Mary Marshall Colver, a sister of my mother's, "Mary Louise" in the genealogical table.

Grandfather's History

"Ichabod Marshall, my grandfather, was born at New Marlborough, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, August, 1741. Of his ancestors I know but little, except that he was of English origin. They probably came to this country in quite an early day. My grandmother was born in Mendon, Massachusetts, about forty miles from Boston, February 27, 1744. Her maiden name was Lydia Stearns. From this time till her marriage, her history lies in the dark to us. Her lineage is traceable back through her English ancestors to the reign of Elizabeth, some 250 years ago. The coat of arms, belonging to the family, was presented me by an offspring of another branch of the

family some years ago, which is mislaid or lost. With that, I could be more definite on that point. Some of them were persons of notoriety and occupied places of trust under government patronage.

Ichabod Marshall and Lydia Stearns were married at New Marlborough, Massachusetts, November, 1760 (In the library at the National Headquarters of the D.A.R. in Washington, D.C. I found in records of Mendon, Massachusetts that they were married on December 25th, 1760 - S.H.).

The next we hear of them, they were at Poultney, Charlotte County and Province of New York on the 14th of December, 1772, and in the 13th year of His Majesty's (George the 3rd) reign. This I find in a deed executed by Isaac Ashley to said I. Marshall. This lot was laid out by Eleanah Parish, the original grantee. The said township was granted by the Government of the Province of Newhampshire. This deed was witnessed by Heber and Ira Allen.

In another deed of the same date, executed by Col. Ethan Allen, in his own beautiful handwriting for those times, to said Ichabod Marshall, of 60 acres of land for the consideration of 20 pounds, lawful money of Conn. Currency, he makes himself a citizen of Poultney. This was also witnessed by Heber and Ira Allen.

I have another deed, dated at Poultney, belonging to the Newhampshire grants, November 30th, 1773, executed by Ebenezer Allen of Poultney. This was witnessed by John Tilden and Isaac Crowl, the latter a Tory of the Revolution, I think.

The deeds above mentioned, the acknowledgement of which was taken by William Ward, Justice of Peace, were received for record as follows: Isaac Ashley's September 23rd, 1784 in 1st Book of Poultney Records, Page 35, Heber Allen, Town Clerk, Sam'l Kellogg, Register as witness. Ethan Allen's deed received for Record January 16th, 1784, Sam'l Kellogg, Register. Ebenezer Allen's is of the same date as the first, Page 242. I have been thus particular as these are among the earliest records of the town which, I have supposed, were all destroyed by fire.

As I have no particular data of when my grandparents arrived in Poultney, I assume that it was in 1772 as their purchases were made that year and the next, at Poultney. This admitted, Ichabod Marshall was 31 and his wife 28 years old when they came to this town with six children.

Of this journey through the almost unbroken wilderness of 60 or 70 miles but little ever came to my knowledge save that the journey was made with but one horse which brought on his back my grandmother, a feather bed, two infant children, and all the furniture they had for keeping house. Thus equipped, with a husband, four of the eldest children and perhaps a cow to furnish food for the infants, they started on their pilgrimage guided by marked trees, to find a home for themselves and their children in the wilds of Vermont. If history tells us the families are now much of toil and suffering was endured by the children whose several ages were 4, 6, and 8, travelling on foot so far.

Having arrived and made choice of a location for their future home, the first thing to be done was to build a log cabin. This was erected on the site now occupied by the barn. Thus situated, enclosed on every side by dark and deep forests, made vocal by the howling of wolves and the screams of the panther, they began their pioneer life trusting to God to crown their labors with success. From this time to 1777 nothing material occurred to impede their progress in converting the forests into fields of waving grain and green pastures for their growing herds. While war was raging in the distance, they probably deemed themselves quite secure from danger from that source, on account of their isolated position. But in the spring of 1777 a dark cloud arose in the North that threatened to disturb

their repose and bring war and desolation upon their infant settlements. General Burgoyne was approaching from Canada with an army of ten thousand men and Indians. This thoroughly aroused the inhabitants to a sense of the dangers that awaited them. The very name of Hostile Indians was sufficient, at that day, to send a thrill of horror through the veins of women and children, if not of men. A "all to arms" was responded to by every man in town save one (an invalid). They hastened to the scene of action to drive the merciless invaders of their homes from their soil, but were overpowered by numbers, and made good their retreat.

In the meantime, a messenger was sent to warn the women with their little ones to leave their homes and flee for their lives; to go south over the mountains by the way they came.

What a message for a helpless woman, with a family of helpless children! Not knowing whether her husband was dead or alive, she had no one on whom she could rely for help in this hour of agonizing distress but her Father in Heaven. To all appearance, my grandmother and her children must make the journey on foot. There were no wagons in the country. They had one horse that had been turned into the woods, and had not been seen for weeks. There was no spare time to hunt for him. Every minute of delay imperiled their lives.

Having prepared herself and family to leave their dear home, with all they had gathered for their comfort to be devoured or destroyed by their enemies, they were about to start when the whinny of a horse broke on her ears. She opened the door and there stood the desired blessing, apparently sent by Divine Providence to her relief. With saddle and bridle, she soon equipped him for the journey.

I think it was on the morning of the 8th day of July that my grandmother with nine children, one about three months old, and the next two years and eight months, left her home; under the painful apprehension that they might never see it more. The idea that Indians were on the warpath behind them and they knew not how soon they might be overtaken, stimulated them to almost superhuman exertions to escape the fate that awaited them should they not succeed in reaching a place of safety. They expected to find this at Williard's tavern in Pawlette about twelve miles from Poultney, where a company of soldiers had rendezvoused. This house was some 2 or 3 miles this side of the present village of Pawlette. Their line of march to reach this place must have been through dense and almost unbroken forests and over the mountains that border on the East shore of Wells Pond.

It appears in the sequal that the fugitives reached the place of their destination, exhausted from fatigue and fasting, on the same day they started. But alas! the house afforded no refreshments for those starving refugees.

My grandmother says the children were crying for bread, that she besought the landlady for something to stay their hunger, but was refused, and told there was no bread in the house.

What was to be done! She could not stand the crying of her starving infants. Must she steal? "Yes, I must steal to save them from hunger," and during the temporary absence of the landlady, she walked into the pantry, opened a cupboard door, and to her joy saw several nice loaves of bread, took one, divided it among the children, and laid them to rest for the night. In the morning she settled for the bread, but could not settle the landlady's indignation.

I turn now to the husbands and fathers that were left behind, fighting in defence of their homes, their wives, and their little ones.

Immediately after the repulse of the Republican Army at Castleton on the 7th of July, it was disbanded, to rendezvous again at some station farther south. The militia returned to their respective homes to look after the well-fare of their families.

My grandfather and Azariah Dewy (I think that was his name) who married my grandmother's sister, probably made arrangements, on their way homeward, to secure provisions, beds, clothing, etc. to take to their families. Dewy had a yoke of oxen and cart. With these he secured his own goods, and drove immediately to the home of my grandfather, took on such things as were most valuable and necessary to the future comfort of the family, and hastened forward to meet those who had gone before them. They probably arrived the same night, though the way must have been exceedingly rough and difficult.

After resting a while and recruiting their exhausted energies, they continued their journey South, with lighter hearts, and a more convenient mode of travelling, until they reached Bennington. They remained there in apparent security until the Hessians came, when the women and children were taken to Pownal, a town below Bennington, and had quarters prepared for them, in a log church.

Here they were much annoyed by the tories who prowled about the house with an apparent intention of gaining access to the inside, while the defenders of their country were giving battle to its enemies. But there was one within, who boldly stood up for "women's rights."

Under the pretense that there were soldiers within, and means of defence, she called loudly upon the men within to load their guns and drive the tories from the premises. She having previously obtained an old musket with an iron ramrod, soon made those outsiders believe that her orders were being put in force in good earnest. They fled precipitately to a place of safety and molested them no more. This heroine was Mrs. A. Dewey.

The battle of Bennington was fought on the 16th of August. The next day, my grandmother, with other women, probably, visited the field of battle, and saw the dead lying as they fell, strewed on the ground. She saw their dead bodies thrown into carts, in a most unceremonious manner, and drawn away for burial.

The family returned to Poultney again in December. Their cabin was standing, but emptied of everything of value, especially a chest of maple sugar left in the cellar. They had left some young cattle and shoats to run in the woods, and corn growing in the field. They recovered a part, if not all, of these, and saved a share of corn. By browsing the cattle daily and giving them a little corn, they got them through the winter without hay.

From this time (1778) forward to 1788, nothing peculiar to the family occurred that was not common to all at that time. They were fortunate in having purchased about 200 acres of land and paid for it when the currency was at par. The war was now raging far in the South and the people of the North were left to pursue the even tenor of their way, in making their wild lands available for supplying, not only their own wants, but that of the poor soldiers.

The first settlers of the town were few and far between. I think my grandfather's family were the ninth that made a permanent standing. But soon after the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne and his army, and the fear of being annoyed by the Indians in the defenceless hours of sleep had fully subsided,

the migration received a new impetus. So great were their numbers that it soon became apparent that many, if not all, must suffer more or less for the want of means to subsist. These anticipations were soon realized. The famine became general throughout the country, and those who had grain to spare, if so disposed, could have availed themselves of the opportunity for making a fine speculation out of it.

My father once related an incident that occurred in his youthful days, in which he had a personal interest, and which may serve to illustrate the character of the people of those times. He said his father gave him a chance to grow a small field of wheat for his own personal benefit, which he did. When threshed and winnowed, he found he had forty bushels. There was no available market for produce at that day, only what was made by the consumers, and the price was regulated by their number, and the surplus of grain in the hands of the producers. I have naturally supposed that it was at this time that wheat took a sudden rise from one to three or four dollars per bushel.

One day a man came to their house to buy wheat to save his family from starving. My father offered to sell him the wheat, but he must see his father who was in the field, to know at what price. He told him to sell no wheat for more than a dollar per bushel, and but one bushel to any person, at one time, and he disposed of the forty bushels in obedience to these directions. This may serve to illustrate the friendly relations that existed among the first settlers of that day.

From this time (about 1779) forward for many years, nothing appears to have happened to materially interrupt their progress in the way of prosperity. Their lands now produced a needful supply for themselves, and others, that were lacking in the necessaries of life. Their stock of cattle multiplied like Jacob's of old; and it was said that he had at one time, a hundred head leased to the immigrants. Their family was made up of seven sons and seven daughters. "But the day of adversity is set off against the day of prosperity." February 15, 1788, they were called to mourn the death of their beloved Paul, their 2d son, in the 24th year of his age. His death was caused by a sled loaded with wood, passing over his body, a great bereavement to the family. But nine days later, their number was made good in the birth of their youngest son, James Marshall.

But scarcely were the emblems of mourning laid aside, when the afflicting hand of Divine Providence was laid heavily upon them, in the sudden death of an affectionate husband and kind father, which occurred on the 10th of November, 1792. He was returning home from Troy with a load of merchandise for his son-in-law, John Hollenbeck (who kept a store in one part of his wife's dwelling house, a few rods East of my father's) when he fell from the wagon, the wheels passing over him, caused his death. My grandmother arrived at his bedside in season to witness his last expiring groans and close his eyes in death. He was fifty-one years old. His remains were brought to Poultney and buried in the cemetery there. Lonely and sadly, she followed the corpse to her home, and thence to its long resting place, the grave. The staff on which she had leaned for support and comfort through all the vicissitudes of an eventful life was now broken.

The responsibilities she once shared with her beloved husband are now all her own. Though humbled, her heart was not broken, and with firm reliance on Divine Providence for support under her afflictions, she goes on in the discharge of the duties made incumbent upon her. Seven children of minor age will demand her care and oversight. Six have left their paternal home and found a residence in other parts.

My grandmother possessed a strong and firm constitution and I never heard it said of her that she was ever sick, until the last week of her life, and then it was more like unconscious sleep than like dying. She was one of the few persons who first united in the formation of the Baptist church in Poultney, and so far as outward appearance indicated, lived an exemplary Christian life. She lived a widow forty-four years, and died in November, 1856, aged ninety-three years. She retained all of her mental and physical faculties in a very remarkable degree, down to the last week of her life.

The long habit of doing something for the benefit of others seemed to be inherent in her disposition. She had one peculiar and singular habit of never allowing herself to sit in a rocking chair.

A year or more before her death, I saw at the home of my grandmother, five persons representing five generations of regular descent. They were Mrs. Lydia Marshall, Mrs. Solomon Whitney, Mrs. Harvey Finel, and Mrs. Charlotte Dewey, with her son, sitting in the lap of his oldest grandmother.

Her descendants were numerous at the time of her death. Our branch of her family had had 121 offspring, of whom 89 were living. Others had been quite as fruitful, but I have no record to show it. Her son, Stearns, with whom she had lived, was the last one of her children to be laid in the grave. He died January 23d, 1868, aged 83 years.

There were but two tories in town, I think, in the war for Independence, L. Loper, and Crow. I learned but little about them more than that they were notorious thieves and robbers. When the people were driven off, they remained to pillage their desolate habitations of whatever they could find of any value to themselves. In later times, plows, chains, and farming implements, if left out, would be missing—or orchards would be robbed of their choicest fruit, by the wagon-load, taken "down the lake" and sold at high prices. One day, in after years, a stranger walked into the house and was seated but said nothing, and was probably waiting for recognition, but my grandmother would not know him. He says, "Don't you know me, Mrs. Marshall?" "I know your father was an old tory," was the laconic reply. He left, fearing, probably, there might be another "revolution."

To Grandfather Marshall's sketch of his grandparents, Ichabod and Lydia Marshall, I shall now add a few paragraphs from a "History of Poultney, Vermont," from its Settlement in the year 1875, by J. Joslin, B. Frisbie, and F. Ruggles; a book which I have in my possession, which gives a clear idea of the type of people our ancestors were.

The first settlement of Poultney was commenced April 15, 1771, by Ebenezer Allen and Thomas Ashley. They were followed the same season by four other families and soon after by Ichabod and Joseph Marshall.

None but those who saw, suffered and endured, can form an adequate idea of the severe privations and hardships endured by these wonderful people.

They all, at first, built log houses and in some instances, families moved into these houses before the roof was on, even in winter. Furniture was made from poles and slabs put together with no other implements but axe and augur.

Many of these earliest settlers carried their grain thirty miles to the nearest mill.

An old man, a life-long resident of Poultney, once said: "The first settlers of Poultney were the Ethan Allen stamp of men." One of these early settlers was a brother of Ethan Allen and was made the first town clerk. It was during this time, between 1771 and 1777, that the Green Mountain Boys acquired

such an enviable fame by their successful resistance of the New York Claimants and in the taking of Ticonderoga, May 10th, 1775.

Ethan Allen, as the world knows, was the leader in those marvelous exploits of which the history of this country furnishes no parallel. Every man was a hero, strong, bold, resolute, and determined. Every man had a purpose and that was to defend his home, and all his energies were directed to that end. Several of the settlers were present at the taking of Ticonderoga.

To Lydia and Ichabod Marshall were born fourteen children as follows:

Name	**When Born**	**Where Born**	**Death**
Ichabod Marshall	August, 1741	New Marlborough, Mass.	November 18, 1792
Lydia Stearns	February, 1744	Mendon, Mass.	November, 1836

Their children:

Name	**When Born**	**Where Born**	**To Whom Married**
Jonathan	December 23, 1762	New Marlborough, Mass.	Rhoda Ashley
Paul	August 23, 1764		
Silas	September 23, 1766		Miss Howe
Polly	August 17, 1768		Solomon Whitney
Timothy	May 12, 1770		Lucy Rogers, Conn.
Lydia	September 7, 1771		Mr. Palmer
Bulah	June 26, 1773	Poultney, Vt.	John Hollenbeck
Charlotte	October 13, 1775		Seth McHuron
Abijah	April 20, 1777		Miss Dunks, Pond Hill
Martha	June 17, 1779		Peter Martin
Lucy	June 12, 1781		Drury Highgate
Ruth	October 10, 1783		Dr. Adin Kendrick
Stearns	October 14, 1785		Mabel Mallary
James	February 24, 1788		Polly Shumway

Among some very old papers which came into my possession, is the following:

> "Rec'd Poultney, May 1st, 1792, of Timothy and Lidia Marshall administrators of my father's estate, sixty pounds twelve shillings and sixpence towards my share of the estate."
>
> Jonathan Marshall

Jonathan being the oldest child of the family. This would be $301.55 in American money, a pound being $5.00 in English money, a shilling 12-1/2 cents, and a pence, 1 penny.

I also have the original deed of land sold to my grand-father's grandfather, Ichabod Marshall, by Josiah Grant, and dated September 23rd, 1782; and the original deed of some land to the same Ichabod Marshall from Elisha Allen, the first owner of this land. This deed was witnessed by William

Hooker and Michel Mariett, with a notation signed by Wm. Ward, Justice of Peace, saying that the signer and seller (spelled siner and seler) had "apeared" before him. The Josiah Grant deed has the following notation on the outside, reproduced as written:

> "State of Vermont, County of Rutland, Poultney, April th 10 1782 then parsonly copaid the within named Josiah Grant the siner and seler of the within instrument and acknowl-edged it to be his free act and deed before me."
>
> Wm. Ward-Just of peace

To Ichabod Marshall and Lydia Stearns, the first of the Marshall's, of whom we have any actual account, I wish to pay tribute to their wonderful fortitude and courage and faith in preparing a home in the wilderness, bearing and rearing four-teen children in a new country, new not only to them but never before inhabited by a civilized people, in the heroic behavior of both, the mother in fleeing through the wilderness with her children (the youngest only three months old) and the father who had become their "home" while the father was off fighting for their lives and to preserve this home. These are ancestors of whom one can be justly proud.

Ichabod Marshall's Revolutionary War record, prepared for my admission into the National Organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is as follows:

He served as a Corporal and as a Sergeant in Captain Zebediah Dewey's Company, Colonel Gideon Warren's Regiment of Militia. He served four days and travelled sixteen miles in March, 1780, and served fifteen days and travelled sixteen miles in October, of the same year.

He served in the same Company and Regiment in the Alarm of Castleton, June 10th, 1781, two days and also in the Alarm of Castleton, October 21st, 1781, ten days. In the last service he held the rank of Sergeant.

The list of the children of Ichabod and Lydia Marshall with their births and marriages was compiled by my grandfather, Ichabod Marshall, but in looking up the marriage of Ichabod and Lydia Marshall, I found, at the National D.A.R Library in Washington, D.C., in the Village Records of Mendon, Mass. that they were married on December 25th, 1769, instead of November 1769. Also in the original receipt signed by Jonathan Marshall, for money received from Timothy and Lidia, administrators of his father's estate, the date is given as May 1st, 1792, while my grandfather gives the date of the death of Ichabod Marshall, the father of Jonathan, as November, 1792. This would indicate that my grandfather had the wrong date--the wrong month.

Having the actual signature of Jonathan Marshall gives a feeling of closeness after the passing of 147 years.

The fifth child, Timothy, the father of my grandfather, Ichabod 2nd, married, as the genealogical table has shown, Lucy Rogers of Connecticut, and with their advent into our history comes a strong connecting link for, of these great-grandparents, my mother told me some interesting details regarding their lives, and I have in my possession a picture of their home in Poultney, Vermont. If I remember correctly, their home was on the road connecting East and West Poultney. The main part of the house is large and square and painted white, with green blinds. The front entrance is hidden by trees (the picture having been taken from the side) and, through more trees at the back, one glimpses a "lean to" with chimney and back porch. If the lovely old mahogany side-board I saw in the home of a cousin, Amelia Broughton Cooke, the daughter of mother's eldest sister Susan, is

indication of the rest, the house was beautifully furnished. It was a Sheraton, with long body, resting on slender legs, about two feet from the floor, whether four or eight, I cannot recall. Of my great-grandmother, Lucy, mother's tales left a strong impression that she was very refined, and extremely dainty in her housekeeping. I imagine she was an Episcopalian, for great grandfather Timothy adopted the faith of that denomination, while his mother, Lydia, had helped to organize the first Baptist church in Poultney. He used to entertain the visiting Bishops, and I recall mother telling of his earnest, though unsuccessful, efforts to make an Episcopalian of her father.

From the element of refinement and simple elegance found in this home, and from the excellent education my grandfather acquired, as well as for the fineness of his character and manner, I am of the opinion that the mother, coming from the older and more settled State of Connecticut, where advantages would naturally be greater than in this newer country of Western Vermont, was a very aristocratic sort of person.

Tho' Mary Mallary, the wife of Ichabod 2nd and the mother of my mother, was naturally a very keen, intelligent woman, she did not have the advantage of education grandfather had received but refinement was marked in all of the children of this worthy couple. Grandfather chose wisely when he selected this practical, alert wife, for she was an excellent balance for his idealistic, cultured nature, a glimpse of which we obtain from the fact that he never joined any church because he felt that he was not good enough tho' he was one of the best men that ever lived.

Here, I believe, enters the touch of inferiority complex which was handed down to me and to, possibly, many others of his descendants. It was only in the firmness of maturity that I was able to conquer this enemy of peaceful development of character.

I recall a very amusing incident my mother related to me of her father's trusting nature. He had occasion to make a trade of horses and came home quite satisfied with his deal. As soon as grandmother looked the horse over she crisply remarked, "Why, he's blind," and sure enough, grandfather had overlooked such an important defect. I can hear his gentle exclamation of "Ohy my!," for mother said he never used stronger language than that.

To give you a real glimpse of the character of this gentle loving man, I will later reproduce two letters written to mother and her sister Mary, of which I have the originals. I wish I could reproduce the very beautiful handwriting of my grandfather as well as the text.

Strange as it may seem, I have no history of my grandmother, Mary Mallary, previous to her marriage, altho' on a visit to Vermont with mother, I saw the home in which she was born, not far from Poultney. It was a modest, comfortable home in the country and strangely, the one thing I particularly remember of this house was the very wide boards of the floor, which are being reproduced in the modern age. Just recently I heard of linoleum with the wide board effect.

I saw, and have a picture of, the home where my grandparents brought up their fine family of eight children. It was on a farm a short distance from Poultney and the original house had been moved to an adjacent place and a larger house built on the original site. Mother and I were graciously permitted to go thru the original house so I saw the very rooms where she and her brothers and sisters had slept and played, the upstairs unchanged, tho' there were slight changes below.

Grandfather had an accident to his leg about a year after he was married and was incapacitated for heavy farm work thereafter and took up teaching. I have heard mother tell how he "boarded around"

amongst the families of children in the country schools where he taught. With a family of eight children, four sons and four daughters, this must have thrown much of the management of the farm and home upon Grandmother. She made their clothes from the wool to the finished garment, carding, weaving and spinning, and sewing often until midnight by candle light. I have a bit of cloth that she made in this way. She was a fine housekeeper and an excellent cook and her four daughters, Susan, Mary Louise, Hannah Kate, and Lucy Jane, followed in her footsteps.

I've heard mother say that her mother never had any dirty corners; that, if anything had to be neglected, it was the part that showed and not the corners. With her own large family to care for, mother told of her mother going to some poor family and bathing and dressing the children so they could go to Sunday school.

Judging from one of his letters, in his later years, Grandfather helped her with the housework. These letters were written after they left their dear Vermont home and came to Waukesha, Wisconsin, about 1853 or 54, when mother was about fifteen years of age. Some of their neighbors and friends had gone West, which probably was how they happened to do so, and I can recall hearing mother tell of staying with some of these families while they selected a new home.

They bought a beautiful farm about two miles from the village, living at first in the log house already there. Later they built a fine, large stone house where I spent much time as a child.

Before they came West, I think Aunt Susan had married. At least she remained in the East and finally settled in a home of her own at Whitehall, New York, just at the foot of Lake Champlain and only ten miles from her girlhood home near Poultney.

Aunt Susan taught school in Poultney before the family went to Wisconsin, for I recall a story my mother told of visiting her sister at the home of the Elder, as the minister was called, where she boarded.

A cousin had brought mother a beautiful wax doll from New York City and, to give an idea of the importance of this gift, to the child, she told me that an orange was a rare treat in those days.

Mother had taken her precious doll to town to show it to her sister, and Aunt Sue (as we always called her) told her to show it to Elder Driver. Mother met him on the stairs and held up her gift for his inspection. He took it, reached beneath his coat lapel for a pin and with it pricked the doll's face full of holes. "That," he said, "is to teach you not to be so proud of your doll." (It seems that they had "nitwits" or criminals in those days, too.) Imagine the shock and grief experienced by the child! From that moment, mother said, she hated that man and that he never possibly could have done her any good. It makes one's blood boil just to think of it, but Aunt Sue hushed mother up because it was "the Elder."

After they moved to Wisconsin, Grandmother was terribly homesick for Vermont, the older children who remained behind, and her dear friends and neighbors. A few years later she returned for a visit.

The three eldest children remained in the East. There was Uncle Henry Marshall whom I remember well for, when I was about fourteen, with my parents, I visited in his home in Cleveland, and I think he visited in the West when I was a child.

He was a very fine looking man and a man of excellent character, so devoted to his own people. His wife, Louise Turner, "Aunt Louise" as we called her, I remember distinctly, not only from the visit in her home but from a visit she made to our home when I was about fifteen.

They had three children, Henry Jr., Will, and Minnie, the latter a charming woman and a very beautiful singer. Will I remember slightly, but many years after my marriage, I visited in the home of Cousin Henry in Toledo. He married a wealthy Cleveland girl and held a position for many years in a railroad office. He was a kindly, lovable man, who greatly mourned the loss of his only child, Louise, who died just as she reached womanhood. They had been great pals and her death was a great loss to him.

Minnie married a Mr. Lewis of Cleveland and had, I believe, one or two sons.

I remember Aunt Sue, the eldest daughter of Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall, very well as I not only visited in her home in Whitehall, N. Y., but she visited in our home several times, the last time in North Milwaukee, Wisconsin, after my marriage and when Allan was about six months old. She was a dear, sweet-natured woman, very energetic, ambitious, and most capable.

During this visit, I recall that I entertained, at a Thanksgiving dinner, your father's relatives from Waukesha; the Harding's, Wallers, and Whitney's. I had a new set of dishes for the occasion and dear Aunt Sue made the most delicious cranberry sauce I have ever eaten. My mother and father were living with us so it was a large gathering. Also during Aunt Sue's visit, the boiler of our hot water system, which heated the house, sprung a leak and it took three days to get a new part shipped to us, during which time we had no heat but the kitchen range and a fireplace in the living room. Mother was so fearful that Aunt Sue, who was subject to pleurisy, would become ill that she kept her in bed.

She had married James Broughton, who was a druggist in Whitehall, N. Y., and a man of excellent character. Both he and Aunt Sue were very active members of the Baptist Church. They had seven children: Amelia, Caroline, Florence, Mattie, Jessie, Bert, and Charles.

They had a very nice, comfortable home in Whitehall, a great rambling house with large grounds and a river running at the back. Aunt Sue was an excellent housekeeper and a fine cook, also very ambitious for her children. When the girls were small, they were all dressed in white, every afternoon, and this was made possible, with their moderate means by the laundering of their dresses every day by their mother.

They were a very loving family, as I remember, and very fond of fun amongst themselves. Amelia, with whom I had close contact during my married life in Waukesha, married Rollin Cooke, whose father was "the man" of Whitehall, the owner of a large lumber business and the pillar of the Baptist Church. The Cooke's had a seventy-two thousand dollar mansion on the edge of town and Rollin and Amelia had a lovely home on the next place. I recall their roomy hall with winding staircase, the very large "parlor" with adjoining library leading into the dining room, which was back of the hall; all handsomely furnished. Amelia and Rollin had twin daughters, Lucille and Luella, who were beautifully educated and both developed into splendid women. They never married but were the comfort of their parents as long as they lived and are now living in West Allis, Wisconsin, in a nice little home of their own where they carry on an art business, both being very talented artists. There had been a fine son and brother in this family but he died in his boyhood. Mr. Cooke was a highly

educated man, a graduate of Harvard, and a talented speaker. Business reverses having come to him, the family moved to Waukesha, Wisconsin, where Rollin entered the Modern Steel Structural Works, then under the management of your father. He was unsuccessful and from that time until the parents passed away, the daughters were the mainstay of the family thru their china painting and artistic work. Amelia was a very beautiful young woman, as her portraits show, and was one of the most perfect housekeepers I have ever known. She had a charming manner and the father, mother, and daughters had a beautiful family life in their devotion to and joy in each other.

During their early married life, Amelia had known every luxury and spent a time studying music in Boston with Madam Rudersdorf. This noted European singer had been engaged to sing in Boston at the great Jubilee of 1875 which was held in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the independence of our United States. The management of this celebration sought a singer with a voice sufficiently strong to be heard above the huge orchestra, so Madam Rudersdorf was chosen. She came and fulfilled their desire, but, in so doing, injured her voice beyond repair. Utterly fearful of the ocean voyage, she would never return to Europe and became a voice teacher in Boston.

Caroline, Amelia's younger sister, had a soprano voice of unusual loveliness and was sent to Boston to study with Madam, who became devoted to both of them, in her tyrannical way.

(All of the sons and daughters of Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall had fine voices and formed, as I have heard Mother say, a double quartette. Aunt Mary and Mother were sopranos, Aunt Sue and Aunt Kate altos, while, of the brothers, Uncle Albert had one of the sweetest tenor voices I have ever heard. They all received their early training at Singing Schools, which were very much in evidence when they were young, and it was fine training for they were excellent readers of music and had a good musical foundation.

I mention this at this point because, all thru this history, I shall mention singers of unusual ability, with fine, natural voices.)

With the exception of Caroline, all of Aunt Sue's daughters were married; Florence to Judge Thomas Lillie of Whitehall, Martha to Dr. Will Bennett of Fitchburg, Mass., Jessie to Mr. Ezra Vary of Rome, N. Y. Both Bert and Charles became druggists and settled in Rome, N. Y. I knew both of their wives but cannot recall their family names. Bert and Ella had three children; Mary, Harry and Russell. Charles and Cora had one daughter, Marian.

Florence had a lovely pair of twins; a brown-eyed Annie and a golden-haired, blue-eyed Alice, who were about two years old when I saw them in 1887; also another fine older daughter, Louise.

Mattie had no children, devoting her life to her husband and her music, being a talented musician. Jessie had one daughter, Virginia.

Of Aunt Sue's large family, I believe only two are living, Jessie and Caroline. Thru visits back and forth between our families, I knew them all well and am glad it was my privilege.

Aunt Mary, who was the second eldest daughter of Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall was a very fine singer, and, in her early womanhood, left Vermont to study music in New York City under a noted Italian teacher, Bassini. As there were no funds for such a luxury, she procured a position teaching voice and piano at a select Girls' School--Packer Institute--in Brooklyn. She also had a position as soloist in an aristocratic church on Fifth Ave. which was, in those days and till I was a

young woman, the street of New York City. The congregation included people of great wealth and culture.

To convey some idea of the beauty of her voice and her musical ability, I will tell of an incident which occurred while she was studying with Bassini. Representatives of what, we would today call a Symphony Orchestra, searching for a soloist for their concerts, came to Bassini. He told them they could listen to his pupils, and this they did, without the knowledge of the students. They chose Aunt Mary, who refused the distinction thus extended to her, because it seemed too much like going on the stage--the concerts being held in what was probably a large concert hall, or theatre, the Academy of Music.

There is not a doubt that, had she chosen this opportunity as the beginning of a concert career, she would have gone to the top, for she not only had the voice, but unusual intelligence as well. I have seen some of the music she used at that time and it certainly looked terribly difficult, with all of its trills, runs, and so forth.

Aunt Mary had many fine friends and was highly esteemed by President Eaton and his wife, who were at the head of Packer Institute which, tho' that was about 1858, is still considered one of the fine private schools for girls in the East.

After my mother had moved to Wisconsin with her parents, Aunt Mary had her return to the East and enter the school as a pupil for a year. It was a fine broadening experience for mother as she met young ladies from families of wealth and culture from the South as well as the North. Of a very charming and lovable personality, mother made friends easily and I have heard her tell of the kindness and special attention shown her during an illness, while at the school, by President and Mrs. Eaton.

Aunt Mary took her amongst her friends and I recall her telling of a dinner to which they were invited, where she met Horace Greeley, one of the prominent men of those times. Just recently, I read in my magazine, "Time," that Horace Greeley owned the New York Tribune, which he sold in 1872 (the year I was born) to Whitelaw Reid, who was the United States' Ambassador to England under Theodore Roosevelt. This paper is now the New York Herald Tribune.

In a letter which I shall reproduce, you will get an idea of mother's sweet nature and the good times this experience afforded her. It was indeed a lovely thing for Aunt Mary to do for her in fact, there was a very close bond between these two sisters as long as they lived.

I shall first give you a letter written to the two sisters by Grandfather Marshall in the fall after mother left for her year in the East.

> Dear Mary & Jane
>
> I feel conscious that I ought to have written you long ago & no apology that I can make would, perhaps, entirely satisfy you for my not doing so. Age & infirmities sometimes excuse but I hope, so long as I can use the pen & orthography so that I can make my writing intelligible, I shall not entirely cease to write to my affectionate children, though it be in childlike simplicity, for I feel that "thought is weak & language lame." This is Sabbath evening. It has been a pleasant but cool day. Albert & Monroe went to church & heard the funeral sermon on the death of Oscar Burroughs preached by Rev. Mr. Cooper to a large and effected audience. Old Mr. Dunbar was found dead in his bed, a few days since. So you see

that old age and youth sink together into one common grave. Jane would doubtless like to take a peep into the log cabin & see what we are about. We, that is our family, are not all at home. Albert went down to Dr. K's after meeting, & our Dutchman has not returned. Mary left us two or three weeks since, and we have done without a girl or rather made a substitute of myself. I rise about 5 o'clock make a fire and cook the substantial part of the breakfast & then I get your Mother up to prepare the other fixings & then I get up the boys, so that we eat by candle light, & by daylight they are off to their work. Charley helps wash, but I expect he will soon leave us. Winter has taken us by surprise, with our work half done. We had had a little snow and the ground froze quite hard, but it may thaw again soon. We are rather lonely since Jennie left us & have but very little company. Your Mother says she has not seen the face of a woman in 2 weeks. She feels the absence of Jane very keenly & often weeps over it. But I hope she will become more reconciled after she gets a letter from her. She has leaned on Jane for help which no other person could afford, to soothe her feelings, to make the rough paths of peevish nature even and open in our hut a little heaven. But the hope that she will return affords some consolation. Lyman McHuron & his wife of Lysander, & Sister of Racine made us a good visit in Oct. We are having quite hard times to get money to pay our debts. There is none to be hired, & wheat is worth but 50 or 60 cents per bushel. Yet we have got along quite well so far, & I hope we shall be able to do so, but not without making some sacrifice of property at least I hope we shall not "burst up." Lucy Kendrick is boarding with Orson Lyle & going to school. My health is better than it was early in the Fall. My cough has nearly left me. Your Mother is well, but has got a very sore thumb, which is the source of much vexation. Children & neighbors are all well. Mary--I thank you for the present you sent me in the life of Rev. Mr. Whitefield. I highly prize it, not only for its intrinsic worth, but for the sake of the donor. What shall I ever render to you for all the kindness you have bestowed upon me & my family? As it is more blessed to give than to receive, I think you must be blessed indeed. But how shall I ever share that blessing with you? A present it is out of my power.

Jane--We recd. the note announcing your safe arrival in Brooklyn & have ever since been expecting a letter but have not yet got it. I hope you or Mary or both will write soon & let us know how you like your new home & the prospects that are before you. I have a very poor pen & paper & must stop--trust you will not forget to ans. the letter of your affectionate

Miss M. & J. Marshall Father

I have copied this letter just as he wrote it. The next letter is one from Mother to her mother, written a few weeks later. Her handwriting was very good tho' not equal to that of Grandfather, whose writing was really beautiful.

December 29th 1857
Jan. 4th, 1858

My Dear Mother

Our holidays are over and we do not have another vacation until July, then you may expect to see me home. The time seems long now but it will soon pass away. Mary & I spent most of the vacation in N.Y. at Mr. Nichols. New Years day we received 26 calls. We had such a pleasant time that I almost feel homesick to come back again to school. Last Saturday, a

very nice gentleman took Mary and I to the Opera, and in the evening to hear Thalberg. I was almost carried away. I thought of All many times and wished he could have been there. What did you do to celebrate my birthday. I cannot realize that I am nineteen years old. Mary made me a very handsome present of a set of cuffs and collar, and one of the young ladies gave me a ring. I suppose Kate is with you now, and you are having nice times talking over your visit - you had while East. Mary had a letter from Martha Ruggles saying that her mother was very anxious to hear from you as you promised to write to her. I know you do not get much time to write as long as you are doing all the work yourself. I wish you had a good girl to help you. Monroe has gone and he will not be there to plague you. Is Charley attending school. You must not allow him to go when it is very cold, for he may freeze going so far. We are having beautiful weather warm and mild as it is in Spring. I have not seen any snow but once and then very little. It seems so funny not to have any sleigh-rides. Do you have much snow. You did not write anything about the weather. The minutest thing ting about home is always interesting to me. I have not answered Lucy Kendrick's nor Ritt's letters yet. I presume they are thinking very strange of it, but I do not get time to write. I feel ashamed of myself for not writing to Mrs. Lyler. You must tell her that I do not have any time at present but will write her soon, does she come and see you often. Tell All I feel very sorry for him to have to go to church and singing school all alone. Just imagine that I am along and it will be all right. I fear father is forgetting about his Jennie, for I seldom hear from him. I do wish he would write to me often, tell him I have not forgotten the good times we had together last summer. Ma your letter did me all the good in the world, I wish you would write me just such a one every week and I would answer them all. All has not answered my last letter, do not give him any peace till he does it. Give my love to all the neighbors and inquiring friends. Write soon and you will please daughter Jennie very much. Mary will finish this sheet. Tell Charley to study and learn all he can and let him write me a few lines.

The next letter is part of a double one - the first two pages a complete letter from Grandfather to Mother and Aunt Mary - the remainder, a letter started by Grandmother to them and finished by Grandfather. This is Grandfather's letter:

Waukesha March 1st 1853

Dear Children:

It was with much pleasure, that we were permitted to hear from you again through a short note written by Jennie. I am very sorry that the long letter we wrote you about the middle of January, has been miscarried or lost. We are in common health. I think mine is better than it has been for 2 months past. Neighbors also are all well. We have just rec'd letters from Jas. R. B. & David Lewis. They bring some good & some sad news. Some of our old acquaintances have come to the spirit world. Mrs. S. Gorway (Mary Ann Young) of Chicago died Jan. 13 & was buried at Poultney, Feb. 7th. She took her dinner as usual & at 3 o'clock was a corpse. Widow Peter Scribner was buried Feb. 19. Chauncey Smith is dead, & Jerry Potter is not expected to live. He buried his daughter Amy this winter. The rest of our old neighbors in Poultney are well. Lucy Andrus is married to Wallace Martine. Butcher Smith & Sons have bought the M. Hotchkiss farm & live on it. Eliza Kich Bronghton [Broughton?] is getting quite smart again. She was not expected to live long. We have good news to tell you from Waukesha. Since about the first of Jan. there have been protracted meetings in the

village every day or night in the Baptist, Cong'n or Methodist churches up to the present time, & how much longer they will be continued is uncertain. Many have experienced religion but how many I can not tell. Seven were immersed last Sabbath. About 30 have joined the Methodists on probation. I know the names of but few of the converts. Alice Perry and her brother George, Mary Miner, Dr. Kendricks and Mr. Smith's hired girls, & Cynthia Wells, are amongst those I recollect. O Jenie [sic], how I wish you & Monroe were here that your names might be enrolled with theirs in the book of life. I know that God is able to save everywhere. I hope you will seek Him while He is near till you find Him to the joy of your soul. We have heard that you have been sick. What would have been your state, if you had died. Do think of it. God, in mercy to your soul, has spared you. Do not rebel any longer, but give Him your heart now. I want you to tell us the particulars of your sickness. You need not fear of alarming us now. Let us know how you get along. We have been very comfortable this winter with a plenty of provisions part of which we could well spare to some of the hungry poor of your city. Now girls, write a good long letter to your

Affectionate Father

M. L. & L. J. Marshall

Now comes the half page of Grandmother's letter, finished by Grandfather. It was from this letter of Grandmother's that I judged she had not had the advantages of education that Grandfather had enjoyed.

Waukesha Feb. 28

Dear Children. You will not think we have forgotten you do not get any more letters. Your Father wrote you a long letter since New Years. I sent one in it—that we had from Roe, All said he paid six cents postage. Roe said in his letter you must write to Kate for she had got out of all maner of patience you want to know if Kate is the same I think she is a little more steady & I should think she is going to make a good housewife. Mother

Mar. 1st Your Mother & I have done the washing to day, as usual & got through in good season. She, feeling too tired to finish her letter, wanted me to do it. We have had no letters from Kate very recently. The last was rather unfavorable—they were having rather hard times. The Dr had cured all the sick & had nothing or not much to do. He could not collect what was due him. But I think they will live through it. Monroe from Kate's account of him is very steady & attentive to his studies. He wrote he felt the importance of having an education & meant to get one. He says he has written to you but you had not ans'd at that time I hope you will, & write to Kate also if you have not. The Dr. thinks of leaving that place soon as he can, & there prudently & find a better location I think he has an eye on Milwaukee & I hope he will succeed in establishing himself there. From all accounts Monona is nearly equal with Sodom in its moral character. No church, no Sabbath or nothing to distinguish it but an excess of business, gambling, drunkenness and reveling. Yet there are a few eastern families living out of the village that are an exception. There has been a very few days of good sleighing, but it is now all gone. This day has been a very cold one, & it is a cold night. We have had a hired man for a month his time is out tomorrow. I think you must have had a pleasant time in N. Y. with Henry. I hope the splendor of cities & the associations in high life with which you are connected or may move in, will not

disqualify you for the enjoyment of your anticipated visit to the humble cot of the lowly, or our far Western home. The time seems long, but it will too quickly pass away. Let your walk be close with God & fulfill the mission for which you were created. Remember us to Mr. & Mrs. Nichols.

Yours very affectionately

Misses Mary & Jane Marshall Father

I have not the date of Aunt Mary's marriage, much to my regret. But she finally married Hiram Colver, a brilliant young Harvard graduate and classmate of Henry W. Longfellow, the poet.

Uncle Hiram's father was a minister of prominence in Boston and his name is carved on a plate on a church which I believe was called The Temple. After living for sometime in Brooklyn, Uncle Hiram's health became poor and they moved to Waukesha, Wisconsin, that he might have the benefit of the excellent spring water which abounds in that locality. I am sure their coming must have brought great joy to Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall for, by this time, Mother had married and gone to McGregor, Iowa.

At one time Uncle Hiram owned White Rock Springs, whose water and Ginger Ale is known the world over, and it was Aunt Mary who named it White Rock because it came up out of white rocks.

Aunt Mary had three children, Carrie Denver, Darah [Sarah], and Louis. Sarah died while spending a time in my girlhood home at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. She was only eighteen, a very fine, sensitive, conscientious girl, as I remember her, and a musician of rare charm and ability, her mother having been her only teacher. Tho' I was several years younger than she, I appreciated her music to an unusual degree for my age. Her touch and interpretation was such that I adored to hear her play and loved the selections she chose. Her death, in this respect, was a great loss, but she had such a sensitive, shy personality that I fear life would have been difficult for her.

Aunt Mary bore her loss and, just a short time later, that of her son, Louis, with a fortitude which proved her a worthy descendant of Lydia Stearns. The son was brought to our home during his last illness, where his mother came and nursed him most carefully and tenderly. At this time she was making her home with her elder daughter, Carrie, but she knew my father and mother, in our lovely country home, would be glad to extend hospitality to her and her sick son thru his last illness. My father furnished, so gladly, everything necessary for the comfort and welfare of Sarah and Louis, burying them, side by side, on a lot he purchased in the Oconomowoc Cemetery.

Aunt Mary stayed on with us for some time, gathering strength and courage to go on with life.

Carrie had married Prof. Max Leckner of Indianapolis, Ind., a very fine man and one of the foremost teachers of piano in the United States, being, at one time, President of the National Musical Association. Carrie, who was also a fine musician and teacher, had assisted him before their marriage, but gave it up during the time she was rearing her family.

Prof. Leckner not only had a large class, but he conducted one of the large city choirs—that of the Meridian St. Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Dr. Juale—later Bishop Juale—was pastor, and was foremost in the musical life of the city. He was a man of great culture and integrity.

As Prof. Lechner, who was much Carrie's senior, got on in years, she prepared herself to become the financial head of the family by making one, or two, trips to Europe to study with noted teachers to perfect her own teaching methods, finally devoting herself to voice culture.

Three children were born to Carrie and Max--Myron, Max Jr., and Marie. Myron is at present living in New York City. He married a lovely girl who has made him a fine wife, and they have several children. At one time, Myron was with the Curtis Publishing Co. He is a splendid man--charming, conscientious, unusually intelligent--and has been very successful.

Max Jr. died in 1925 leaving a wife and, I believe, three children. A man of unusual charm and intelligence, doing well in business, his loss was great to his family and business associates.

Marie, at whose wedding I was present, married Dr. Herman Morgan, who, for many years, has been at the head of the City Health Department of Indianapolis. A girl of much charm and good sense, Marie has reared a family of boys and they are all living in Indianapolis, as far as I know. Carrie is also living in Indianapolis, Prof. Leckner having passed away, about ten years ago.

Aunt Mary was a valued addition to this family--the atmosphere of which was most congenial to her. With her musical nature and her innate ability to teach, she meant much to these grandchildren and they were very dear to her.

I was thrown much with Aunt Mary all thru my life until her death, and consider her influence upon me one of my greatest advantages, for she was most capable and conscientious and tried earnestly to better those with whom she came in contact. By nature thoughtful and conscientious, I absorbed her teachings and am sure they influenced my whole life, coming, as they did, when my character was forming. Gifted with a voice of unusual ability, I was early placed under her for training, receiving a splendid start in both vocal and instrumental music. Could this influence and fine training have been continued sufficiently long, I am sure my whole musical career would have been different, but it, unfortunately, was of short duration.

Everything Aunt Mary did was done so perfectly, and even in her seventies, she made her own dresses beautifully. She spent much time visiting in my home, both when I was a girl and after I married and had my own home; and, as I think over her life, I feel that she lived it in a fine, true, helpful way, and I am glad and grateful that it was my privilege to come in contact with her splendid influence. There is a lovely picture of her in the family album.

Aunt Kate, the third sister, inherited her father's love of literature--as my mother used to tell of her emphasizing this fact. She said that when Grandmother would send Aunt Kate upstairs to make the beds, she would find her on one of them reading. (No doubt this is the unreadiness she alluded to in the letter you have just previously read.) To the practical mother, this was, I imagine, quite discouraging. As a girl, she was studious and jolly but not much interested in house-work. She must have enjoyed the study of nature from the fact that she would carry a whole family of little snakes in her apron.

She and Mother had one very narrow escape, when they were girls together on the farm—they being the two youngest. They had been gathering wild berries for supper, at some distance from the house, and, to cut short the distance coming back, they ventured thru one end of a pasture where a rather ferocious bull held sway. He was over in a far corner, but saw them and started for them on the run. They were just able to get over the fence as he reached it, and he vented his wrath by

pawing the ground, while they lost most of their berries and a hat or two. When we were children, we loved to hear Mother tell this story.

Aunt Kate fell in love with her first cousin, Henry Martin, and, much against her parents wishes, married him. He was a well educated and highly intelligent young man, and their objection was entirely because of the close relationship. "Uncle Dr." as we always called him, had become a physician, and they settled in Monona, near McGregor, Iowa, and were very poor while he was building up a practice. I recall Mother telling of Aunt Kate making a sorrel pie at this time—sorrel being a weed with a tart flavor.

Uncle Dr. finally gave up practicing medicine and they moved to Indianapolis, Ind., where he entered the field of insurance. He finally became the head of an insurance magazine, called the "Rough Notes," which stood very high in insurance circles. Aunt Kate edited a literary department in this paper.

They had three fine and highly intelligent children—Charles, Jennie and Louis. Charles was a quiet boy of the student type, and much interested in natural science—he, too, being fond of snakes, an interesting fact in the light of heredity.

Jennie, I recall, was a bright, lovable girl but greatly afflicted, having a spinal trouble which necessitated her wearing a plaster cast entirely around her body. Charlie and Jennie were much older than I—probably eight or ten years—but I recall them clearly—Jennie, as visiting in our home in Milwaukee, and Charlie at Uncle Albert's farm, where we were both visiting and a snake escaped from a box where he had placed it on a shelf. Loathing snakes, this episode made a very strong impression upon me. They both died as they reached young man and womanhood. This must have been a terrible loss to Aunt Kate and Uncle Dr. for they were both so promising.

Louis was a familiar figure in our home. When I was a child, spending some of his boyhood vacations with us in Milwaukee, and Aunt Mary and Uncle Albert in Waukesha. He was rather fortunate at that time, playing mostly with the girls in the family, but he grew into a very manly, highly successful business man. After graduating from Butler College, during which time and in his youth he studied piano and became a fine musician, he started in business with his father. He later took a course at Harvard and finally became President of the Rough Notes Company. He left the Rough Notes to accept a position as Publicity Manager with the Globe-Wenneke Company at Cincinnati, where he remained till his death in his early forties. He had married George Brown of Cincinnati, who was a very talented pianist. They had two children—a son, Louis Jr. and a daughter, Eleanor, and he left his wife and children with a fine home and well provided for. He was a jolly companion, but serious and exceedingly energetic where business was concerned.

I visited at Aunt Kate's home in Indianapolis all thru my life, as long as she lived. She was greatly afflicted with asthma and spent much of her time reading and studying. This was made possible thru the care and devotion of Kate Boller, who was her house-keeper for thirty years. Kate was an intelligent girl, and in the literary and cultured atmosphere of Aunt Kate's home, she became a well educated woman. I recall that she used to be referred to on matters pertaining to Shakespeare, and she always attended the best plays, seeing such performers as Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. We grew to feel that she was one of the family and yet, with a charming modesty, she never forgot her position, and had to be urged to join the family life at all times. No daughter could have been more

devoted and faithful than dear Katie, who remained with the family till Uncle Dr., who was the last to go, had passed away.

Aunt Kate was an original member of several of the most select literary clubs of Indianapolis and at one time gave a very fine paper on New England life, at the Woman's Club. The first-wife of President Harrison was a member of that organization. Toward the closing years of her life, Aunt Kate became nearly blind, but her mind was richly stored with choice literature and, at family prayers, she would respond with an appropriate selection from memory.

Uncle Dr. retained his fine mental qualities till very late in life, going to his office and engaging in writing when he was eighty. They remained devoted lovers thru life and, even in their later years, I can recall lovely gifts of plants and flowers Uncle Dr. bestowed upon her.

They were both large and dignified and I have some very fine portraits of them taken at the time they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Their large, home-like apartment in the Blackerne, which was owned by Lew Wallace, who wrote Ben Hur, and which was their home for many years, sheltered them in comfort, if not luxury, till they both passed away—Aunt Kate in her late seventies and Uncle Dr. past eighty. In spite of her affliction and near-blindness, Aunt Kate retained a jolly strain which made her very charming, and I never recall hearing her complain, altho' her asthma was very troublesome all thru her married life.

Indianapolis holds many pleasant memories of visits in Aunt Kate's refined and cultured home, with Kate Boller's loving and capable ministrations creating an atmosphere of comfort and well-being, and at the home of Carrie and Max Leckner, with its musical atmosphere and fine hospitality. Because of Mother's large family I had many relatives and it added much to the richness of my life, having them in our home and visiting in theirs.

Of Uncle Monroe I have no early memories as he died either before I was born, or shortly after. When I was about eight or ten years old, I accompanied my father on a business trip to St. Louis, and, while there, we stayed with his widow "Aunt Jennie Roe," as she was called by the family, who lived there with her daughter, Nellie, who was their only child and about my age. I do not know when Aunt Jennie Roe died, but thru other relatives, I have heard that Nellie grew to be a very fine woman and followed teaching as a profession.

Uncle Charles married a teacher considerably older than himself and went West. He had one son—Will, I believe he was called—and separated from his wife. For many, many years, the family lost track of him, but in some way, a new connection was established, and it was learned that he and his son lived alone together out in the far West, doing their own house-work as well as out-of-door work. Finally, in the winter of 1911-12, which we were spending at Hotel Rest Haven in Waukesha, having, because of difficulty in getting help, closed up our home on Hartwell Ave., Uncle Charles came to visit us, and, tho' entirely unaccustomed to the type of life of an elegant hotel, he fitted into that environment easily and simply and, because of his quiet, lovable ways, became a favorite. This reunion must have meant everything to Mother, who had not seen her youngest brother since they were young man and woman. They were much alike in disposition—both quiet, retiring and refined. Just what this visit meant to Uncle Charles I do not recall, but I do feel that it was a great pity we were not in our own home at the time of his visit, for it would have been so much cosier and more satisfactory to all of us. After his return, or it might have been before his visit, his son visited his relatives in Indianapolis and, as I recall, they found him a fine young man.

Being such a poor correspondent as Uncle Charles was, the contact was again broken, and I do not know whether he is still living—probably not, as he would be about ninety if he were.

And now I shall take up Mother's life as the last, but one, of Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall's children, tho' the best known to you all, who were so fortunate as to have had her in our home till you were all well grown.

As I have told you, she was born in Vermont in 1839, on New Year's Day, on the farm which she and I visited in 1903. At the time I saw it, it was a pleasant place with some of the buildings still standing where they were when Mother was a child--the corn-crib being one of them. As I have mentioned before, the house had been moved to the adjoining place and a newer one stood on the old site.

Mother and I walked way back to the maple grove where they made maple sugar each spring--a part of the farm which seemed to hold very pleasant memories for her. We also drove down the road a bit and turned into another one where had lived a good neighbor, who, I remember being told, made many of the huge, round cheeses we, today, call American cheese. I seem to recall seeing the dairy where this work was done, but I hope sometime to go back and go over the same ground again, as it would all mean much more to me at my age than it did then, tho' I thoroughly enjoyed that visit with Mother.

One of my fond dreams is to take you, my children, over this precious ground where our forbears lived, for, as I enjoyed seeing it thru Mother's eyes, I am sure I could give it added meaning to you because of this. To have taken Mother back to her old home is, I think, one thing I have accomplished in my life for which I am most grateful, for it meant so much to Mother and, I know, greatly enriched the remainder of her life.

The trip, taken in October when the famous Vermont maples were in all their yellow glory, was a delightful one all thru, especially our stop at the famous old Parker House in Boston, from which we took short trips to Marblehead and Plymouth, having stopped on the way to Boston, at Concord. At the latter place, the hotel where we stayed over night, was a building which dated back to Revolutionary days and was most interesting, as well as being most exclusive.

At Marblehead, for five dollars, I secured the lovely old brass knocker from one of the very early mansions of Colonial days. Parts of the house had been brought from England when it was built and it was the home of the Hon. Robt. Hooper and his wife--noted people of those times. When we were there it was the headquarters of the Y.W.C.A., most of the rooms being entirely unfurnished. Since then, the house has been restored to its original splendor, probably by some historical or preservation society. Besides the knocker, which, at present, hangs in Allan's dining room, mounted on a square of heavy dark oak, I have large pictures of the house and of the Hon. and Mrs. Hooper.

While in Boston, we had a visit with Cousin Caroline Broughton, who was living there at that time, and also had as our guest for an evening dinner at the Parker House, Myron Leckner, who was an assistant professor at Harvard at the time. We also visited Cambridge, where we saw Harvard College and the interior of the home of Henry W. Longfellow. I might add at this point that I recall clearly, tho' only ten years old, hearing of his death, when I was getting on to a horse-driven street car in Milwaukee. Why this made such an impression upon me, I do not know, unless it was because, at this time, I was attending the Milwaukee Female College (later Downer College) and we

had just taken up the study of American poetry. And I have always been specially fond of Longfellow's poetry.

As I have told you, all of Mother's brothers and sisters were good singers, and, going to singing school, with an occasional "church sociable," were the chief diversions when Mother was in her early teens. They had to walk miles to school--thru deep snow-drifts in winter, when they would come home wet to their waists.

What joy, after such a walk, to enter the cozy, country kitchen, heated by a roaring wood-fire, and to find a good supper awaiting them; for they had supper early in those days, and they must have been very hungry after the long walk and only a lunch, taken from home, at noon. It must have been about this time that Grandmother Marshall did the large bakings that Mother used to tell us about. They would build a fire in the large brick oven, which usually stood beside the fire-place, and, when it was sufficiently hot, would draw out the ashes and then put in the bread, or pies, they were going to bake. As mince pies kept well, she would bake perhaps a dozen at a time and put them away in a cold place to freeze. When they wished to serve one, they would heat it and it would be as delicious as when freshly made.

Mother did not love the Sundays of those days for they were not allowed any diversion beyond going to church. Even cracking hickory nuts was prohibited, and she told of being severely scolded for the breaking of this rule. She never got over her delight in cracking a bowl of hickory nuts on a Sunday afternoon, and sitting down to the tedious, tho' delightful, task of picking out the delicious meats, with a flavor unlike that of any other nut. Another simple dish, of which Mother was very fond and which they often had in this home, was berries --blackberries, strawberries or raspberries--in bread and milk, a fondness which I inherited for I enjoy it immensely to this day.

No one could cook fricaseed chicken like Mother, and I am sure the knack was handed down from Grandmother Marshall, for all of Mother's sisters, and Kate Boller (taught by Aunt Kate), produced the same delicious dish, which was different from any I have ever eaten. I remember of Mother telling me that, when they had chicken in those days, they had it for breakfast, and that coincides with the reputation New England breakfasts have always had, especially the reputation for pie for breakfast; and if pie, why not chicken?

Mother often spoke of the delicious salt pork they "put down," but is it any wonder it was better than that we get today? They fed their hogs well and carefully and did all of their own "cutting up" and "salting down," while the hams were smoked carefully with corn-cobs.

At this point, I shall bring Uncle Albert into the picture, for after he grew to manhood, he carried on the farm because of Grandfather's lameness. He was the second oldest son--a very quiet man of the steady, dependable type--and must have been a great comfort and help to his father and mother. He was Mother's escort to church and singing school, as you will have seen in her letter.

In front of the farm in Vermont was a row, on each side of the road, of beautiful maple trees, and, after the family moved to Wisconsin, Uncle Albert planted two rows in the same manner in front of the new homestead--an indication of the love he had felt for his Vermont home. After the move West, he carried on the large farm, sometimes with the help of a "hired man." He married Jeanette Clinton, the daughter of a neighboring family, who must have been a very charming girl, for when I knew her, she had grown to be such a dear, little older woman. They had several children, but all of

them died in babyhood, and I recall three tiny graves out in the dooryard up close to the orchard fence. They seemed to endeavor to make up their loss by keeping open house for their neices and nephews, for we all spent much time on the farm. This was, however, many years after Grandfather and Grandmother Marshall had passed away, they having died, only three months apart, when I was a baby.

"Aunt Ret," as we called Uncle Albert's wife, died very suddenly when I was about nine or ten years old, and Aunt Mary and Sarah kept house for Uncle Albert until he married, about 1885, Miss Emma Salisbury, of White Water, Wisconsin, who was teaching school in Waukesha.

"Aunt Emma," as she became to us, was a sister of Prof. Albert Salisbury, a prominent educator of Wisconsin.

They had three children--Roy, Mary and Willard. These children lived, thru their childhood and until they were well grown, on the farm, but the care of the one hundred and fifteen acres, becoming too much for Uncle Albert as he grew to be an old man, he sold the farm and moved to a smaller place on the edge of White Water. It must have been hard for him to leave this place, which had been his home since he was a young man, and which had become, under his management and thru his labor, a splendid farm, but White Water, with its fine normal school, offered better educational advantages for his children, now growing to young man and womanhood. It was, too, the former home of his wife, who would, no doubt, be happier amongst her own people and with the familiar place and lighter work. It seems to me that she died before they had been there many years, and Mary took the management of the home and care of her father's declining years. She had grown to be a splendid woman with one of the sweetest, happiest dispositions, and gave her father the best of care. After his death, she devoted herself to teaching, for which she had prepared, and after Willard married and settled in his own home in Madison, Wisconsin, she either sold, or rented, the place.

At one time she taught in a school on the estate of Fred Pabst, Jr., in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and, at this time, spent many of her week-ends with us in our Hartwell Ave. home. Since those years, she has taught and studied, twice taking courses at Columbia University, in New York City, for special work and degrees. The last time I saw her was in 1925. I consider her one of the outstanding characters of the recent generations because of her lovely nature and fine mental qualities.

Uncle Albert was buried in Waukesha beside his father and mother and his first-wife, Aunt Ret, while Aunt Emma rests amongst her own people in White Water.

To return to Mother's childhood, I am sure it was a happy one for she had such a sweet disposition that every one loved her and she loved to make herself useful. When she was about fifteen years of age, the family moved to Wisconsin, again living about two miles from the village, which was Waukesha. Mother's new life was a pleasant one as she made friends easily, and, at this time, friendships were begun which lasted thru her life-time. Their neighbors were fine intelligent people, many having come, like themselves, from the East, and after several years, the return to the East to school at Packer Institute made a pleasant break. Some time after her return from the East, she must have visited Aunt Kate in Monona, for it was there she met and married my father, Henry Chandler Hopkins, who was engaged in the hardware business in McGregor, a neighboring town.

Mother was twenty four years old when she was married and my father was six years older. After their marriage they lived in MacGregor for a number of years (just how long I do not know), and during this time, Grandmother Marshall visited them. When she returned to Waukesha, there went with her a large box filled with all sorts and sizes of kitchen utensils, a gift from my father.

Influenced, no doubt, by Uncle Dr. and Aunt Kate, my father and mother also moved to Indianapolis, where he, too, entered the insurance business. I think their first child, Katie (evidently named after Aunt Kate), was born in McGregor, Iowa. She lived only eleven months and died while Mother was visiting her parents in Waukesha. Mother said she was a lovely baby, and she must have been, for, at her funeral the minister, who was conducting the services, remarked that she was too beautiful to put in the ground. She was buried on the farm beside Uncle Albert's babies. Mother spoke so lovingly of this first little daughter, but never of the great loss her death must have been to her and my father. Her napkin ring--a narrow silver band, marked "Katie"--became mine, and I used it as long as I used a napkin ring, it being the only one I ever owned.

Their next child was my sister Mabelle Margaret, who was born in November, 1867, in Indianapolis. Four and a half years later, in June, 1872, I was born and, about three years later, my brother, Burt Henry.

During the years they lived in Indianapolis, Mother became identified with the musical life of the city. Her fine strong soprano voice was in demand, and both she and my father, who had a beautiful tenor voice, sang in the choir of the First Baptist Church, Mother being the leading soprano.

I shall now reproduce an article--one of a series being published in one of the Indianapolis papers at that time--which will give you an idea of the position she held in the musical circles of the city.

MUSIC IN INDIANAPOLIS

Number V

Mrs. H. C. Hopkins

> Those at all familiar with the history of music in our city will at once recognize the lady whose name appears above as an old and highly prized musical acquaintance. Her name has for a long time been connected with our musical affairs, and up to within the past two years her voice added vastly to the interest of our concert rooms. She has not appeared before the public for some months, having been devoting herself to her domestic affairs. It is to be hoped that she will not continue to hold herself aloof from all her old associations, but will once more mingle with that musical circle of which she was formerly so valuable a member.
>
> Mrs. H. C. Hopkins (Miss Jennie Marshall) was born in Poultney, Vermont, in 1841 [should be 1839], and has been a singer almost from her cradle. During her extreme youth she shared in all the musical resources and recreations of her native place, and anxiously availed herself of every means for improvement which was presented. These were, of course, limited, both in quantity and quality, but such as they were, they were eagerly adopted and improved. The singing school and church choir comprised all the elements of vocal instruction known in her neighborhood, and the ambitious enthusiast longed for a more extended field. When still very young she was placed at Packer Institute, Long Island, where she remained for some time, during which she was an ardent student of both vocal and

> instrumental music. Her course of study was broken into for a time by the departure of her parents to a new home in Waukesha, Wis., when she was but fifteen years of age. After an interregnum of two years, she returned to the Packer Institute, and shortly afterward graduated from that school and returned home. She was married to Mr. H. C. Hopkins, of this city, at McGregor, Iowa in 1863, and during the next year removed to this city. Shortly after her arrival she became a pupil of Prof. Black, and assisted him in nearly all his concerts in this city and vicinity, as also many of those of the choral union. The first Sunday after her arrival in Indianapolis, she filled the position of soprano in the First Baptist Choir, which post she has occupied ever since, to the entire satisfaction of all. Her debut was made at Prof. Black's first concert in Morrison's Hall, and was one of the features of that occasion. Shortly afterward she appeared as the "Queen" in "Esther," and won a decided success.

The leading contralto in the First Baptist choir was Mrs. Elijah Halford and the families of these two charming singers became close friends--a friendship which lasted thru life.

Mother and Mrs. Halford were both fond of horseback riding and Mother told of a very early morning ride they took into the country, where they ran right into a Gypsy camp. As Gypsies had very doubtful reputations in those days, for stealing horses as well as people, they wheeled about and, in great haste, galloped back to the city.

Mr. Halford was a newspaper man and later, when Benjamin Harrison, who was an Indianapolis man, became President of the U. S., he chose Mr. Halford for his private secretary, and he was made a Colonel.

A daughter was born to the Halfords and she was named Jeannette after my Mother, who,tho' named Lucy Jane, was always called Jennie. I, in turn, was named after Mrs. Halford--Frances, my second name.

I remember these dear friends of my parents very well for, after leaving Indianapolis, Mother took me back with her to visit them and Aunt Kate, which visit I clearly recall. Later, Jeannette came to Milwaukee to be with her cousin's family, the Chamberlains, and she used to visit us. Mrs. Halford died many years before her husband and while we were living in the Hartwell Ave. home, he came there to see Mother.

In Indianapolis, the house on Bellefontaine St. where I was born, was next door to one just like it where Aunt Kate lived, there being a large yard connecting the two. My father was very fond of horses and having one or more while we lived in this home, he kept a colored man to care for them. This man, Charlie Scott, was very devoted to me, calling me his little Eva, and Mother has told me how he would take me for rides with the horse and buggy, all so "spic and span," and I, in turn, was so fond of him that I would slip down from the table and take whatever I was eating and go out to the kitchen to eat with him. This man stole some canned fruit from the cellar the first day he worked for my father and mother had such an effective talk with him that it was his last offense. Years later, when they were stopping at a hotel in Chicago, he saw their names on the hotel register and called on them, begging to be taken back into their employ.

I should judge that Father and Mother lived in Indianapolis about ten years and when Bert was a baby they moved north to Waukesha. During about one year's residence there, my brother Harry was born.

Tho' I could not have been more than five years old, I remember the two homes we had there clearly and several incidents connected with them seem to stand out so clearly in my mind. One was of starting out of our gate, my arms full of books, to go to school, tho' I was too young to be admitted, and another was of my father, on his return from a trip, bringing us some of the most delicious, flaky, cream candy, unlike any I have ever seen since.

In the light of medical science, a very strange thing happened to us during this year in Waukesha. A nurse-girl, who assisted Mother in the care of her two babies, with only seventeen months difference in their ages, took Bert to a home where he contracted scarlet fever and we all took it from him. The weather being very hot, and none of us appearing ill, Mother thought we had heat rash. This in spite of the fact that the family physician--Dr. Kendrick, who was a relative of Mother's--lived next door and must have seen us about. I did not break out in a rash like the rest did but went into a dropsical condition, swelling up, as it were. As Mother told me the story, which seems almost incredible, she did not discover that it was scarlet fever until a lady rooming with us, contracted it and nearly died. Then it was traced to the nurse-girl's visit.

In those days, and for many years after, Waukesha, with its fine mineral springs, was a great summer resort and nearly every one took roomers to accomodate the guests who flocked to the town. It was called "The Saratoga of the West." I recall (of) hearing, in later years, that Mrs. Abraham Lincoln had been a guest there at one time.

There were many hotels, the largest the Fountain House, which stood on a hill at the southern edge of the town. It was so long that one could not recognize another at opposite ends of the veranda which extended the entire length of the hotel. This hotel had its own spring covered by an ornamental spring house and quite extensive and rolling grounds, with a park effect across the street. Extending out to the street from the center of the long veranda, was a band stand, and one of the chief events of the summer evenings was to drive, or walk up to the Fountain House open air concerts. The street would be filled with fine looking vehicles—buggies, phaetons, two-seated carriages with canopy tops bordered with fringe, victorias, smart traps, and what not, behind well-groomed, high stepping horses, and with the elaborate evening costumes of the hotel guests, promenading and sitting on the veranda, and the pretty, airy, summer costumes of the town girls; it was a very charming sight—and forms a pleasant memory for those of us who had the privilege of being there.

During the day-time, the guests and townspeople, who had the leisure to do so, would spend most of their time riding in busses provided for the purpose, from one spring to another, enjoying the morning band concerts furnished by some of the larger spring companies—Bethesda and Silurian, principally—the White Rock not being one of such prominence in those days.

Since then, Waukesha has become more of a manufacturing city and the spring life has entirely died out, tho’ the spring water companies continue to sell and ship their water to some extent, especially White Rock, which is probably the best known and most extensively shipped spring water in the world.

After about a year's residence in Waukesha, Father decided to move to Milwaukee where we lived about five years. Shortly after settling there, Mother became very ill with abscesses on the lungs and I recall that there was talk of the climate, because of the close proximity to Lake Michigan, being bad for her. About this time she lost her speaking voice, but would recover it when she withdrew from the lake. She seemed gradually to overcome the difficulty and sang twice in church after we moved to Milwaukee, but that was the last time she sang in public with the exception of once in Waukesha when she and I sang a duet at an old-fashioned concert at the Congregational church, when she was over seventy.

As a child I had quite a remarkable voice, being the only one in the family who inherited a voice from our parents. When I was about ten years old, I was studying voice with the organist of the church we attended in Milwaukee—a Miss Capon. On Christmas service morning, a Mrs. Forbes, who was the soloist, sang Adams' "Holy Night," and in the evening, at the children's service, Miss Capon had me sing the same selection Mrs. Forbes had sung in the morning. (I remember that I had to stand on a pile of books to get above the choir curtain.) It seems that I sang it very beautifully and Mother told of hearing exclamations of praise where she sat in the audience, while some one exclaimed near her that it was "unnatural, as you know, it is not a child's song," and I evidently sang it with a maturity much beyond my years.

I recall another occasion when I sang at a concert given by the St. Andrew's Society, I think, as a protege of Prof. Faville, my sister's piano teacher. On this occasion I sang "Fly forth oh gentle Dove," a song I had heard a young lady sing at a concert in Waukesha on one of my visits to Aunt Mary, and which she taught me. I remember clearly the storm of applause that greeted me when I had finished and as I came down from the stage, or rostrum.

There is no doubt that I had a very unusual voice, for my cousin, Carrie Leckner, used to tell me how lovely it was, as I grew older, and of course she, with her knowledge of music and voices, knew.

The only explanation that I can give for the fact that I never did more with it than sing in church and at parties and gatherings occasionally, is that I was not, physically, strong, and I was too critical of my own efforts. I did not have the stuff of which successful singers are made--the willingness to wade thru all of the hard work and criticism that every successful singer must meet and conquer. Perhaps if I had enjoyed more robust health, I might have acquired the other necessary qualities.

During those early years I enjoyed several rather unusual experiences--one of meeting "Buffalo Bill"--William Cody--on a visit to Fon-du-lac, Wis. with my parents. I mention it because he was such a noted character all thru my childhood and youth. I recall very little of the meeting beyond the fact itself. I also recall sleeping with the famous Wisconsin poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. My parents had taken me to the opening of a very fine hotel by friends of theirs--Mr. and Mrs. George Athearn--at Fond-du-lac, and in the lack of room, I was placed with Mrs. Wilcox, who, being a close friend of friends of my parents, had visited at our home with her husband. I remember her very well altho' I was only ten, or eleven, years old at this time.

Also at about this age, I used to visit at the homes of cousins of Mother's in Green Bay, Wis., whom we called Uncle Linus Marshall and Aunt Amanda Marshall. I think they were brother and sister and children of Mother's Great-Aunt Mabel, who married Stearns Marshall, the son of Ichabod and

Lydia; so they were really only third cousins to me, but being quite elderly when I was a child, it seemed natural to call them "Uncle" and "Aunt." Aunt Amanda lived in Green Bay and Uncle Linus across the river in Fort Howard with his wife and family of four children, Herbert, John, Lizzie and Lillian.

The Fort Howard home was a fine, large house with quite extensive grounds, Uncle Linus being a well-to-do merchant doing business in Green Bay. These cousins were very close to us because of frequent visits exchanged between our families. Tho' I was only about ten years old, I recall clearly attending the wedding of Herbert and Nellie Violet in Green Bay. About this time, Lillian spent a year or more at our home in Milwaukee, attending the Milwaukee Female College--now Downer. She was a pretty singer and when we were living in the Hartwell Avenue home, she visited us, being one of the leading attractions in a week of Chatauqua Entertainment. She sang many songs in a charming manner, becomingly gowned in costumes suitable to each. In 1925, while passing thru Chicago on our way to Washington, D. C., Judith and I had a short visit with Lillian, who, having separated from her husband, Dr. Ringsdorf, was engaged in business.

My father was engaged in the insurance business until about 1887 when he became interested in mines located in northern Michigan, in what was called the Gogebic Range. I have been told in recent years that he was a very efficient insurance man and I feel that, had he remained in that business, he would have gone very high and prospered accordingly.

Having realized much, financially, from this change in business, in the winter of 1887 he took Mother, Harry and me East on quite an extensive trip, during which we visited Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York City, Whitehall and Rome, N. Y. In New York City we stayed at the famous old Fifth Avenue Hotel and I quite clearly recall the bed-rooms we occupied and a private dining room where we had a dinner. It was either at this time, or in a visit to N. Y. C. that my father and Mother took several years before, that my father was invited to dine with President Wilmarth of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, which my father had represented.

During our visit in New York City I had the unique experience of being taken for a wax figure in the famous Eden Musee. Tall and slender, with no color but a decidedly creamy complexion, I stood quietly in the lobby where also stood a wax figure of a policeman. When a little woman peered up into my face, then exclaimed, "Oh pardon me, I thought you were a wax figure!"

We had stopped in Buffalo on our way to New York City intending to visit Niagara Falls. A terrific blizzard came on, shutting us up in our hotel, but, after it was over and we went to see the Falls, a gorgeous sight greeted us. The trees on both sides of the river and all about were covered with ice and snow, which glistened in the sunlight--creating a marvelous effect. We donned rubber coats and climbed down the icy, circular steps which led us under the Falls. It was all very thrilling and exciting--a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

From New York City we visited Aunt Sue and her family in Whitehall--a visit to which I have alluded previously. It was jolly getting acquainted with so many nice cousins and their families and going to parties that were given for us. We also had a fine visit in Rome, N. Y. with some more cousins--Bert Broughton and his wife and children. In Rome we all had our pictures taken by Brainerd, whom the Romans considered such a fine photographer. I never liked the photograph he took of me at this time, feeling that it brought out some of my poorest points as far as looks were concerned. It was almost a profile, showing my long nose, long chin, heavy bangs (which were much worn at that

time), my braid turned up and tied with a large bow of black ribbon, a stiff, standing, white collar and a very good-fitting, neat, dark, wool dress trimmed with black braid. I was very fond of this dress, which had been made by a very fine dressmaker and consider it the one good-looking thing in the picture. At that time I was considered a very pretty girl but that picture belies that reputation.

Mother's picture in the old family album was also taken at this time, also the charming picture of Harry. Mother was forty eight years old and I so clearly remember the dress she had on--a handsome olive green, fine wool cloth, trimmed with soft plush of the same shade, and bright steel buttons, much in vogue at that time. She also had on a handsome diamond pin and diamond ear-rings my father had given her. These earrings also had round gold balls which opened and clasped on over the diamonds, to be worn, supposedly, with greater safety when travelling about.

My father, your Grandfather Hopkins, was a generous, big hearted man always mindful of the comfort and pleasure of his family. As the mining venture provided him with a large income, he lavished gifts and comforts upon us all. Our home in Milwaukee, which he had bought and remodeled, was unpretentious but very charming. Mother had excellent taste and displayed it in furnishing this home.

We had a fine team of horses and a double carriage, as well as a very handsome two-seated Russian sleigh with large drooping tassels on either side of the dash-board, which gave a very elegant effect. Bert and Harry had a beautifully shaped sorrel Shetland pony and a dog-cart--as the smart little two-wheeled vehicle was called--with which they took much pleasure.

In the spring after our Eastern trip, my father bought a fine farm on beautiful La Belle Lake at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, for a summer home. Beside a charming, good-sized cottage, there was a tenant's house and extensive barns, all lying along an extensive lake-front. There was a farmer to care for the cattle, farm and garden and a coachman to look after the double team and some fine blooded horses--my father indulging his great love of horses.

The life here was so enjoyable that we returned to the city home only one winter. Then my father built a splendid large house of twenty-two rooms and it became our permanent home. Our life during these years in Oconomowoc was very delightful. We had a large family as my sister Mabelle, who had married before we left Milwaukee, came to live with us with her husband and baby, and her second child, Marguerite--was born soon after. We continually had house guests and I recall one summer of there being seventeen, including family, guests and servants. As there were nine bedrooms there was room for all. The country about was dotted with charming lakes and was very beautiful, making driving, which was our chief amusement, a delight at any season of the year, but particularly (so) in the fall when the coloring was gorgeous.

My father seemed fond of having me with him for I recall lovely drives thru the country to other towns that we took to-gether. I seem to have been his favorite child for, from the time I was just a little girl, he took me on so many business trips with him. The first I recall was a trip to St. Louis that I have already mentioned. Another was to Marquette, Michigan and still another to Ashland, Wisconsin--all of these before I was twelve. I also recall singing duets with my father who, as I have said, had a lovely tenor voice. He was jolly and loved company, being the soul of hospitality.

During this time of prosperity, he was so generous with those less fortunate than himself. I recall one instance when he set up in business a milliner in whom Mother had become interested

because of her unfortunate situation. Her husband had either died or deserted her and she had a son and daughter to support, her son, as well as herself, afflicted with asthma. She clerked in a millinery store where Mother bought her hats.

My father's twin sister and an older brother were living in La Grange, Illinois at this time and he refurnished and made pleasant and comfortable their modest home. It was thru this Aunt--Henrietta--who visited me in my own home--the Hartwell Avenue home in Waukesha--that I learned much of the early history of my father's family. Having a much keener interest in family history than I had when my father was living, I questioned her closely, making notes of all she told me. She was a dear little old lady, approaching eighty, I should say, and remembered much of the family affairs and of things her Mother had told her, which will account for the intimate detail I shall relate of the family life.

Away back about the middle of the 18th Century, James Hopkins lived at Londonderry in the North of Ireland. Of his family we know nothing but we do know that he was an ambitious young man of excellent character for he had acquired the title of Justice of the Peace and he was studying law. A Protestant in faith, he had fallen in love with Mary Ann McGregor, the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian Minister, the Rev. James McGregor. Mary's father, was well to do and objected to her marrying James Hopkins because he was not a man of means. Unmindful of her father's wishes, they did marry and came to America. Because of this she was disinherited.

In Crockett's History of Vermont, I found that the first settlement of Londonderry, Vermont was made in 1773 by settlers from New Hampshire, some of them coming from the township of Londonderry in that province. They were descendants of members of a Presbyterian Colony which emigrated to America from the north of Ireland about 1738, and there is no doubt that James Hopkins and his wife, Mary Ann McGregor, came at that time, or joined the settlers later. From the fact that the new American settlement was called Londonderry it is evident that the settlers came from Londonderry, Ireland. From another reliable reference, I quote the following: "James Hopkins came from Londonderry, New Hampshire here (to Londonderry, Vermont) about 1775. His wife was a daughter of Rev. James McGregor and sister of Mrs. Col. Rodgers--a woman of superior mind and cultivated manners." They had six children--Thomas, David, Robert, James Jr., Margaret and Mary. From Aunt Nettie I learned that they preemptied land in Vermont and that James, the father, became well to do. She also told me that her grandmother Mary Ann was a very intelligent woman and had a fine mind. She was a great reader, understood politics (an unusual accomplishment for the woman of that period) and was a good singer. Domestically, she was very neat and a beautiful sewer. The husband James was, to again quote Aunt Nettie, very much of a gentleman.

From the fact that James Hopkins signed the following document (taken from the New Hampshire State Papers and Revolutionary Documents No. 30, Page 2) it seems to show plainly that he was still living in New Hampshire when the Revolutionary War started:

> "We, the subscribers, do hereby solemnly engage, and promise that we will to the utmost of our Power, at the Risque of our Lives and Fortunes, with Arms oppose the Hostile Proceedings of the British Fleets and Armies, against the United American Colonies
>
> -Londonderry-
>
> John Hopkins
> Jas. Hopkins

Robert Hopkins"

(Whether or not there was any relationship between Robert, John and James, I do no know.)

That he moved to Vermont soon after signing this paper is evident from the fact that I find him listed in the Vermont Revolutionary Rolls as follows:

James Hopkins - Thos. Sawyer Capt.
Dec. 25th 1778 - Ira Allen's Co.

En. James Hopkins - Capt. Buy Cooley's Co. in Col. Eben Allen's Regiment, Militia
Mar. 23rd to 28th, 1780

James Hopkins - Col. John Stark's Co. in Col. Ira Allen's Regiment.
Apr. 1st, 1780.

James Hopkins - Capt. John Stark's Co. in Col. Allen's Regiment,
Oct. 1780.

James Hopkins - Capt. Zedock Everest's Co. Col. Ira Allen's Regiment,
Oct. 1781.

James Hopkins - Capt. John Patterson's Co. in Col. Warren's Regiment,
Oct. 14th to 24th, 1781.

Later the family moved from Vermont to Western New York with the exception of the daughter Mary, the wife of Dr. Charles Chandler of Andover "who was much respected and loved by a large circle of friends." From a letter from the Town Clerk, Clark M. Hazeltine of Andover, Vermont, which I received in August, 1932, I received the following information about the Mary mentioned above. She was first Mrs. Larkin and the record of her marriage to Dr. Chandler is as follows: "Be it remembered that at Londonderry, in the County of Windham & State of Vermont, on the 19th day of January,1815, Dr. Chas. M. Chandler of Andover in the County of Windsor in said state and Mrs. Mary Larkin of Londonderry were duly joined in marriage by me.

John Aiken Jus. Peace"

Dr. Chandler was twice married, Mary being his second wife. They had two children, Mary, born Dec. 19th, 1815 and William Henry, born Jan. 3rd, 1819. This Mary who married Dr. Chandler, was the sister of my father's father--James the second, so was my father's Aunt, and it was evidently this Aunt for whom he was named--Henry Chandler Hopkins.

In looking up Londonderry and Andover on the map, I find these towns were only about ten miles apart, and that Londonderry, the home of my father's people, is only about thirty miles from Poultney, the home of Mother's great grandparents--Ichabod and Lydia Stearns Marshall and James and Mary McGregor Hopkins being, in fact, contemporaries living only thirty miles apart and yet, my mother's and father's paths did not cross until many years later in Iowa.

My father, Henry Chandler Hopkins, was born in Boston, New York, about twenty miles from Buffalo, in September, 1833, the son of James Hopkins Jr. and Clara Wait. Before telling of the romance between James, the father and Clara, the mother I will tell you of her family and her girlhood.

Her father, Jason Wait, was of English ancestry and [served as] Major in the Revolutionary War. I found the following [account] of his service in Heitman's Officers of the [Army 1775 to] 1783 (Page 414) at the Congressional Library in [Washington], D. C.

> Wait, Jason (N.H.) Captain of Bedel's Regiment New Hampshire Rangers, Jan. 1776; Capt. 1st N.H., 8th Nov. 1776; taken prisoner at Stillwater, 19th Sept. 1777; Major, 3rd New Hampshire, 5th July 1780; transferred to 1st New Hampshire, 1st Jan. 1781; retained in N. H. Battalion, 1st Mar. 1782; resigned 8th Dec. 1782.

The following account of either his father, or brother, was also given:

> Wait, Joseph (N.H.) Lieutenant-Colonel of Bedel's Regiment N.H. Rangers, Jan. 1776; died Sept. 26th, 1776.

Great Grandfather, Jason Wait, married Delaney Dietrichs of Hanover, Germany. Her first husband had been Capt. Seivers, a merchant and officer of the Revolutionary War. Great Grandmother Delaney told her daughter Clara--and she handed the story down to her children--of Capt. Seivers burying boxes of silver, linens and silks in the ground, covering the place with sod so the British soldiers would not find them. One day Delaney was preparing a big dinner for some officers of the Continental Army and she sent her young maid out to the hiding place for some table linen. The maid neglected to replace the sod carefully and a band of Indians, coming up on them suddenly, discovered the buried finery and devoured the dinner. She saw them tear yards of beautiful, bright-colored silk into strips and tie it around them.

Capt. Seivers was killed in the war, leaving Delaney with a five month's old baby and, at one time, she was in a fort where all the shelter she had for herself and baby was some boards slanted up against the side of the fort, and when it rained, she got down on her hands and knees to shelter the baby with her own body. Later she married Major Wait of Westmoreland, New Hampshire.

This five month's old baby grew to womanhood and married a young lawyer. As Major Wait was very comfortably well off, the mother gave all of her own money to her daughter, who only lived a year after her marriage. The husband thus obtained possession of the money and Grandmother Delaney lost it all. Later Major Wait lost his fortune because Continental money became worthless--(this is when the expression "not worth a Continental" originated) and he had to go back to his trade of furniture making.

Major Wait had been previously married and had one son, Barnet Wait. Major Wait and Grandmother Delaney had four children--John, Frank, Henry and Clara. At the age of seven Clara learned to spin and she became a beautiful dancer, for, at the age of thirteen she took a prize at a French Dancing School. As a girl she was a fine horseback rider and would ride thirty miles to visit a friend. Her father had a powerful voice and there were musicians of high order in her mother's German family so it was not strange that Clara Wait had a lovely singing voice--"The sweetest voice I have ever heard," said one of her daughters.

When Clara was eighteen her father--Major Wait--had what, in those days, was called a "White Swelling" on his knee. It was very painful and he finally had to have his limb amputated without any anesthetic, the Mother and Clara going way up to the end of the garden while the operation was being performed. He never flinched or groaned until they sawed thru the marrow. Such was the stuff of which Revolutionary Soldiers were made! Major Wait lived only two weeks after the

amputation and the next year, when Clara was nineteen, her mother died. Grandmother Clara told Aunt Nettie of her father's funeral, which, he being a Mason, was conducted with the Masonic service and fine music. She also remembered Washington's funeral.

Barnet Wait, her step-brother, was a good man and offered Clara a home, but previous experience with his wife, who was not a pleasant woman, convinced her that she preferred to be independent. Previously, when she had occasionally visited Barnet and his wife, the latter would let Clara take her side-saddle but exacted a dollar for the use of it. Barnett would give Clara the dollar to give to his wife. So, when her mother died, she went to live with the family of her chum, who kept a hotel. There she learned to cook, to help pay her way and she also maintained her independence by spinning and making fine shirts at which she was expert.

Clara's brother, Frank, led a seafaring life, being a Captain's mate on a vessel. He was very good to her and would bring her gifts of pretty shoes and hats on his return from a voyage. She always went from Westmoreland to Boston to meet him when he came home, and, on one of the occasions, she was told that her brother had been eaten up by a shark, having fallen into the sea while working on the rigging.

When she was thirteen and he was twenty, she had danced with James Hopkins and later kept company with him for some time; altho' there was no engagement. At this point in their relations, he went away for a year and, as he left, he told her not to let the Westmoreland boys get her. After a time she heard he was dead--killed by a falling tree--so she finally became engaged to William Daggett, a shoe manufacturer. After the bans of their prospective marriage had been published in church, James Hopkins appeared upon the scene, it having been his brother who was killed, instead of himself. She had to chose between them and, as she had grown very fond of Mr. Daggett, who was a very affectionate and fine man, she married him. Grandfather James was deeply disappointed and told her he would never marry.

She lived very happily for seven years with Mr. Daggett and had four children--one of them born after his death in 1813. After he died, she and her children went to live with William Daggett's father and, after a few years, she married James Hopkins. They lived on a farm in Vermont but finally moved to Boston, N. Y., where my father was born. Eight children were born to them--Charles, Mary, James, Margaret, David, Agnes, Harry and Henrietta. They later moved to Springville, N. Y. Five of the children never married--Mary, Margaret, Henrietta, Charles and David. Charles, the eldest, was six feet six inches tall, was good looking and had a very fine disposition. As he grew up, he helped support the large family and finally went to California to seek his fortune with a Vermont family. The journey took six months as, in those days, they had to go around Cape Horn. He stayed several years when, having accumulated a goodly sum of money, he started for home on a boat called "Yankee Blade." The Captain worked into the hands of pirates and ran the boat on to a rock. They hung there all night, the sea washing over the vessel, and were then rescued by another vessel. He went back and in two years started again for home but was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs and died.

David remained on the Vermont farm but finally joined the family in Springville, N. Y. In a letter I received from David H. Cochran, PhD., L.L.D., at one time President of Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had lived in Springville as a boy, he said:

> David was a pupil of Springville Academy for a time. He was an active good fellow but without any scholarly ambitions. In 1867 I met him in Montana. He was then a mining prospector--not very successful. He had been Private Secretary to the Territorial Governor. I never heard anything to his discredit.

I imagine the lack of scholarly ambition was due to the fact that the family had not the means to send him to college. Aunt Nellie said that a teacher told her brother David that he had a regular professor's head. "I think I recall seeing him in our home when I was a child."

Of James, Mr. Cochran wrote that he believed he worked in the flour mill and that he always heard him well spoken of. I do recall Uncle James clearly as a pleasant, quiet man with a full beard, so much worn by men in my childhood. He finally went to Madison, Wisconsin to live and later married Angelina Main, a sister of the wife of the noted Wisconsin U. S. Senator Spooner. They had five children--Fannie, Lon, Alfred, Arthur and Charles. Fannie married Mr. Weatherby of Hudson, Wisconsin and Lon Mr. Smith of Madison. When I last heard Uncle James he was an elderly man and living with Aunt Nettie in La Grange, Ill. I seem to recall that he and his wife had separated.

Aunt Nettie gave me a gold locket containing a picture of my father at the age of thirteen. She said Uncle James took the picture and also the one of Grandmother Clara Wait Hopkins which I have. This would indicate that he had studied photography either for pleasure or profit, as both are well taken. Even I can see a very strong resemblance between my father and myself, when I was a girl, from this likeness of him especially in my picture taken with Allan which is in my gold locket.

Aunt Nettie told me that my father was converted when he was eleven years old and would get up and pray like a minister. At the same time he was very free of fun—a characteristic which was strong in him thru his whole life until his last illness. As a boy he learned the hardware trade at Springville and Buffalo and, when he was sixteen, he spent a year with Uncle James in Madison.

Of her Mother, Aunt Nettie said she was very genteel and a refined looking woman. She was very particular about her friends and who her children had as friends, placing the value on breeding, not money.

In Mrs. Cochran's letter he also says: "I remember the daughter Agnes as a girl of very pleasant address and believe she stood well with her companions." As he says, he left Springville when he was sixteen so could only give the impressions of one boy. In closing he says: "I can well believe that altho' the family were in poor circumstances and dependent upon daily labor for support that you can congratulate yourself that they were industrious, honest, and in all respects reputable. No one can ask for more." I am glad to have had this letter from a man, who, of noted reputation, had known my father's family, as it brings them so much closer.

About twenty years ago, I should say—possibly not quite so long—I was attending a Sunday School Convention in Eau Claire where I understood from Mother a relation of my father's lived. His name was Cutter and he was a descendant of one of Grandmother Hopkins children by her first marriage to William Daggett, who you will recall, was a shoe manufacturer. Mr. Cutter's wife was at one of the meetings and I made myself known to her. She seemed delighted and insisted upon entertaining me in their home. I remained over night and the next day she took me for a fine drive about the city. Their home was very lovely and they appeared to be people of wealth. Unfortunately, Mr. Cutter was

away from home on a trip during my visit—and he died not long afterwards. He was in the shoe manufacturing business and was related to my father, I think, thru his mother who was my father's half sister. I recall a large, handsome cousin—Ella Cutter—visiting at my girlhood home in Milwaukee and I am quite sure she was a sister of this Mr. Cutter of Eau Claire. Mrs. Cutter later visited us in our Hartwell Ave. home and, about two years ago, I had a charming letter from her in answer to one I wrote in regard to this family history.

I remember of hearing Mother say that Agnes, my father's sister, visited them when they lived in Indianapolis. I also faintly recall Mother telling of a visit she and my father made to the vicinity of his old homes near Boston and Springville and of seeing his sister Margaret, or Mary. Whether she was the one who married a Cutter, I am not sure.

In my scrap book I have a notice of a wedding of Miss Clark in Oak Park, Ill., a sister of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Hopkins, at which Miss Louise Cutter of Eau Claire was the maid of honor. Because of this connection of Miss Cutter, there is no doubt that this Arthur Hopkins of Oak Park, Ill. is the son of Uncle James, and my first cousin.

After my father's visit to Uncle James at sixteen, I seem to know nothing until we find him in the hardware business in Macgregor, Iowa, where Mother, while visiting her sister Kate and her husband, Dr. Martin, met and married him. So that brings us back to the point where I diverged to tell you all I know of my father's family.

I had described to you our lovely Oconomowoc home life and I should add that Oconomowoc at that time--about 1890--was a famous summer resort where many wealthy people from different parts of the middle west had their summer homes. This created a lively social life which we only touched here and there as our home-life, with a large family and constant house guests, gave us all the social life we desired. We exchanged calls with some of the leading families and occasionally attended a party, or hotel dance--"hops," as they were called. I recall visiting with Mother at their summer home of Mrs. Peck, wife of Ex-Gov. Peck, whom I remember as such a sweet, delicate woman. I mention the Pecks because it was this Geo. Peck who wrote Peck's Bad Boy, which is just not [now] being presented as a "Movie." Geo. Peck was one of the noted figures in Milwaukee and I recall him very clearly as I so often saw him on the streets of that city--a rather portly, dignified, very well dressed man, who always wore a carnation in his buttonhole.

My sister, Mabelle, was a very handsome girl and, after her marriage, she attended, with her husband, a reception, at the famous Plankinton House in Milwaukee, for Prince Henry of Germany--a brother of the Kaiser, who was there on a visit or tour. Gov. Peck was one of the hosts of the affair and Prince Henry asked him for an introduction to my sister, whom he saw standing in another part of the great hotel parlor. Such is "royal" etiquette that, because he did not ask to be introduced to the ladies of his own party, the Governor could not grant his request.

To return to the Oconomowoc home, I have a picture of it in my scrap book and, because it was a fine example of a handsome home of the "Gay Nineties," so often referred to by your generation, I shall endeavor to describe it.

One entered the reception hall (in reality a good-sized room), the main features of which were the broad winding stair-case, with handsome stained glass windows on the landing, and the fire place with its handsome, hardwood, mirrored mantel-piece so fashionable in those days. From this hall

folding or sliding doors lead into both the large formal parlor, which extended across the entire front of the house, and the sitting room, which would now be called the living room. Sliding doors also connected the parlor and sitting room and both of these rooms had very handsome fireplaces, all of different design, with fine beveled glass mirrors. In the sitting room was the piano (a Steinway upright), couch and lots of large, comfortable rocking chairs—one of which is in Allan's home today. From the living room again thru sliding doors, one entered the library, which was directly back of it with a single door leading into the reception hall. The library was a smaller, cozy room with its handsome, long, black walnut book case, heavy antique oak center table, couch and more comfortable chairs. Back of the library, sliding doors opened into the dining room, furnished handsomely in black walnut, the chairs upholstered in very dark red leather. Overlooking beautiful Lac La Belle, as did all of these rooms, each had large plate glass windows—three in the bowed end of the dining room. A butler's pantry connected the dining room and large kitchen, with its huge coal range and hood, always a very important and comfortable feature of kitchens of that age, so different from the small, "dressy" gas stoves of this. Where the coal range was so necessary in those days of baking bread in large batches, as well as cookies and doughnuts, when each baking would fill a huge stone crock, it would never do for this day of tiny kitchens, no maids and food prepared and baked so largely out of the home. Never shall I cease to remember the pleasure our family and our house guests derived from those huge crocks of delicious sour cream cookies, and doughnuts that my dear Mother used to make. There was no cook, or maid, who could ever make them taste quite as good, and as she loved to cook, just naturally, Mother always gladly assumed that task.

The winding staircase from the reception hall led up to a large upper hall, the end one the reception hall being used as an upstairs sitting room. Off of this hall, over the parlor, was the large guest room with windows on three sides—a very pleasant room. Just back of it, over the sitting room, was Mabelle's bed room—a large room with two fine closets and another of the handsome mantels. Over the library was my father's room, connected by a sliding door with Mother's room, which was over the dining room. Above the kitchen and pantries was the bathroom and sewing room, which, with Father's and Mother's, opened into the narrower end of the large hall. Above the guest room, on the third floor, was another guest room and back of it, over Mabelle's room, was a large billiard room. Next came the maid's room, and over Mother's room was mine—a double room with large opening between. One entered the bedroom and passed on into the tower sitting room with the bowed end like the dining room and Mother's. It was a charming room with a fine view of the Lake. Above the upper hall sitting room and staircases was the boys' room, just in front of the stairway leading from the second to the third floor. The basement was very large, extending under the entire house and complete with laundry, cool vegetable cellar, large work room and furnace rooms. The house was splendidly heated by steam, being warm in the coldest winter weather from top to bottom, but it took a ton of coal a week.

While we were living in this lovely home, Mother was taken ill with La Grippe, a disease that made its first appearance in this country almost overnight, settling like a blanket over the entire United States. It was similar in symptoms and effects to the Flue of to-day and Mother was ill for over a year. During this time, I, then only sixteen or seventeen years old, had to assume the management of the house. Our very good cook had married the coachman and they had gone elsewhere, and I remember that I had considerable difficulty getting good help. Knowing almost nothing about

cooking, it was a difficult time. For part of this period, I had a cook who had hallucinations. She was a kindly little woman whom they brought in the morning and took home at night, and she would tell weird stories of men carrying on in her attic at night—all purely imaginary.

Just how I managed I do not know for I had to wait on Mother and our family, as I have previously stated, was very large, with Mabelle, her husband and two children and my two brothers, Burt and Harry. Finally Aunt Anna and Uncle Dr. had Mother come to Indianapolis, and from there they took her to Roan Mt. in Tennessee, as her lung was becoming involved. This change seemed to be just what she needed for she entirely recovered her health.

Not long after this, my father lost all of his newly acquired wealth thru the dishonesty of some of his close business associates, with which he was unable to cope because of the disease which ended his life. He was obliged to give up the home and the farm, it passing into the hands of Montgomery Ward of Chicago, who made it his summer home.

Before we left it, Mabelle and her family moved to Wauwatosa—a suburb of Milwaukee, where her husband was in business—and my father had decided to go into business in West Superior, Wisconsin. Just before we were ready to move, Aunt Kate visited us and took me home with her for a three months visit, during which time I took singing lessons from Aunt Mary, who, at this time, was making her home with her daughter Carrie.

After I left, my father changed his plans and the family moved to Wauwatosa too and were all settled in a rented home when I returned from my long visit at Indianapolis. I shall never forget the pleasure Mother and Father had showing me the new home which they had made perfectly charming with our lovely furniture and their good taste. We had charming neighbors and it was one of the happiest homes I ever had.

Because his parents and mine had been friends since our childhood, back in the days when we lived in Waukesha, your father called, being at the time, Superintendent of the Wisconsin Bridge and Iron Works which had its plant in Wauwatosa. The acquaintance thus begun, ended in our marriage three years later. These were three happy years for I made many pleasant friends and, with your father as my almost constant escort to social functions and theater, and his constant visits at our home, life was very pleasant. To be sure I had plenty of work to do as Mother kept only a young maid. Mother, being fond of cooking, much preferred to attend to that and she was such a good cook, that her delicious dishes gave us all much pleasure as we all enjoyed good food. My father was a small eater but of such an energetic nature that he used up his food supply quickly and then wanted more in a hurry.

It was about this time that it became evident that he was failing mentally, tho it was a very gradual change. He became unable to transact business but helped about the house and doing errands until his memory began to fail. He read a great deal but seemed to have lost his sense of responsibility. We left the charming home on Douglas Heights and moved to another part of town nearrt Mabells's home, and it was in this house on Warren Ave. that I was married shortly after the move. The date was January second, eighteen ninety four.

All thru the previous years since their birth, Mabelle's two eldest daughters, Susie and Marguerite, had been a great joy to us. One of my greatest pleasures in the Oconomowoc home had been teaching them little songs and dances. At the time of my marriage, a third little daughter, Kathryn,

had joined her two sisters and she was a lovely, big, brown-eyed baby nine months old, and was one of the guests at my wedding. Later a fourth sister, Doris, joined the group and, lastly two fine boys--Francis and Kenneth. At present, of this large family, only the father, Francis Knowles, has passed away.

Susie married Howard B. Smith and, with her family of two children, lives in New York City. Marguerite married Theodore Worthington, a druggist and later a chemist associated with large steel plants near Chicago. They have two children, Bobby and Virginia, and live in, or near, Chicago. Virginia is a most talented singer and one of the loveliest characters I have ever known.

Kathryn married first, Phillip Wechseeberg of Milwaukee, and had one child, Nancy. She later married Dr. Percy E. McCown, a prominent surgeon of Indianapolis where she lives with her lovely family of three daughters, Nancy, Barbara and Constance. Doris has never married and, at present, is in very delicate health in Wilmington, Delaware.

Francis Jr. married a young lady from New England after he graduated from and taught a year in Dartmouth College and is living in Wilmington, Delaware, where he is engaged in the Chemical department of the Dupont plant. He has two children. Kenneth entered Annapolis, graduated, has continued with the U.S. Navy and is, at present, taking a post-graduate course at Annapolis. Judith and I attended his graduation, which was very interesting. My sister Mabelle, the mother of this large and interesting family, is living in New York City.

After my marriage to your father, who was then Supt. of the Wisconsin Bridge and Iron Works at its fine new large plant at North Milwaukee, we boarded with my parents for about two years. Finally, commuting being very difficult for your father, we built a home of our own at North Milwaukee and Father and Mother came to live with us. Before this move was made, my two brothers, Burt and Harry, had taken positions—Burt with a newspaper in Milwaukee, and Harry with Uncle Dr.'s Rough Rock Co. in Indianapolis, the latter not having finished High School. All of us had been handicapped as to education for various reasons, excepting Mabelle, who attended May Wright Sewall's private School for girls in Indianapolis, and had studied music with fine teachers, finally becoming a brilliant piano player.

As a young boy, Burt had attended St. John's Military Academy at Delafield, Wis. -- a school still in operation in the same place tho' that was nearly fifty years ago. He was a restless fellow, full of energy, but never made a success of any business venture he entered. He finally married a splendid young woman of Jamesville, Wis. -- Mary Farnsworth— who was a member of one of its oldest and best known families. They had two fine children, Allan and Helen, who are at present living with their mother in her old home in Jamesville. Burt was killed in an automobile accident near Fresno, Calif. where he was engaged in business, in 1922.

Harry stayed in Indianapolis for a time then returned to Milwaukee, where he entered the Gugler Lithographing Co. He married Edna Roenig of Milwaukee and finally moved to Waukesha, where he was connected with the Modern Steel Structural Co. for about eight years. He then became purchasing agent for the Waukesha Motor Works and still holds the same position. He has one child—a son—Byron, who is a librarian.

As to my own education—I attended and graduated from the 7th Ward School in Milwaukee—one of the finest of the city's public school system—but did not continue into High School because, in the

meantime, the family had moved to Oconomowoc and Mother needed my assistance with the household affairs. Her year's illness occurring about this time and financial troubles were beginning to be felt in the family. I had the good sense to continue my education by worthwhile reading, and at this time, the Outlook was my favorite magazine, which kept me well informed. I have continued this type of education all thru the years, and feel that it has, perhaps, been a better education than much schooling, when young, and a lack of intelligent and worthwhile reading in the years of maturity. Intelligent and worthwhile friends have also contributed to my education and I think I can say to you, my children, without appearing egotistical or conceited, that I have been taken for a college bred woman.

I must pay tribute to the teachers and principal of the 7th Ward School. The class teachers were not the young teachers of to-day, but, rather mature women of experience to whom teaching was sacred; and I can still see plainly our principal--a grey-haired, grey-bearded, serious man--as he taught us to sing Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal." He and they were so sincere in their efforts to make fine men and women of us, and with few exceptions, we responded to their efforts.

In those days, the graded school gave one a foundation that could be built upon, alone, if necessary and I have never ceased to be grateful for that foundation. I was a faithful student, never satisfied with any but very high marks, and graduated valedictorian of my class. I had finished arithmetic, American History, Geography, Grammar, Spelling and the rudiments of a course in physiology, bookkeeping and Civil Government.

To return to the new home in North Milwaukee--it was a modest house, but very convenient, pleasant and roomy with plenty of ground about it. Before we left Wauwatosa, in August, 1895, our first child--Marshall Barastow Harding--was born and lived only seven hours. On May 9th, 1897, at the new home in North Milwaukee, Allan was born, and we remained there until he was about three years old, when your father started a new plant, the Modern Steel Structural Company, at Waukesha, and we moved there in 1900.

My father had passed away the year before--March, 1899--and, as we looked back, we realized that he had been ill ten long years, but it was not until the last three years that he required constant care, which was so hard on Mother, tho' he was up and about till his death in a hospital in Wauwatosa, where he was taken three days before.

The change to Waukesha was a beneficial one for us all as North Milwaukee had no social life beyond that of the tiny church which your father, with a few others, organized and built. Mother at least had a return to the home of her girlhood and later, when her children were young, and there were still there a number of her old friends, with many new ones to make. Mother was sixty-one when we made this change and I feel that it was one of the pleasantest periods of her life, for, with no responsibility, she could really enjoy the club life which gave her contact with women of great culture and refinement. Thru some of her old friends, she became a member of the Beacon Lights Club--a reading club, of which your father's Aunt Helen Whitney had been one of the founders many years before. If I am not mistaken, this was one of the first, or <u>the</u> first, Woman's Club in Wisconsin. The plan of the club, of which I, too, became a member a few years later, was the reading aloud, by one or two, appointed for each afternoon of a book selected by the members, the others sewing while the reading was going on. A delightful social hour followed, at which supper was served. As

the meetings were held every week, it was Mother's chief recreation, tho' she enjoyed other occasional parties. She was very fond of reading and was considered one of the best readers in the club. She also embroidered very beautifully, as you all know, and having a contented nature, she loved quiet afternoons at home with her reading and fancy work. As she grew older, I used to beg her to lie down a while each afternoon, but she preferred to tidy herself up and sit down, tho' very often she would fall asleep in her chair and have an excellent nap.

Mother made her home with us, as you know, until just before we left Waukesha to come to California in 1922, and during all of those years of my married life, she was the greatest help to me. Naturally domestic, she loved much better to work about, and especially to cook than to be idle, and when I was away, she always kept a close watch over you children. She was a great comfort to me for, when I was away, or thru much ill health, not able, she managed the home just as tho' it were her own.

Since I have been out of my own home, I realize what a comfort this was to her for it made her feel useful and independent. I was very proud of her accomplishments and constantly called the attention of others to them, and now I know that this, too, made her later years happier. I always consulted her opinion on anything to be done in the home so she must have felt very necessary, all of which is a great help as one grows older tho' I did not realize it at the time. It was a pleasure to talk things over with her, and, tho she has been gone five years, there are still many times that I long to tell her of some happening, or talk something over with her.

It was a great privilege for you all to have her thru our happiest years--those in the Hartwell Ave. home where you all grew up--and I am so glad she had the comforts of that lovely home and a share in the care of you children, whom she loved so dearly.

Since I have been out in the business world, I have been deeply grateful that Mother always had the shelter of a good comfortable home and dear ones--that she was spared the knocks and shocks one receives in a business life. She did not need the discipline that may come from such experience and, with her gentle, retiring, home-loving nature, it would have been very hard--too hard, I think.

During her last years I think we all grew dearer and dearer to her and I only wish she could see you all maturing so splendidly, all with life's best accomplishments--worthwhile values--and with such loving and tender memories of her in your hearts--memories that will grow more precious as the years go on.